ZIEGFELD PICKS SIX GREATEST SCREEN BEAUTIES

MovieWeekly

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OCTOBER 6
1923

The KU KLUX makes a Movie

What Love means to Me by Lillian GISH

Agnes Ayres

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

Vol. III **MOVIE WEEKLY** No. 35
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Coming

Next Week

We have a treat in store for our readers. We are going to give them the inside story of a screen star's life, from the humble beginnings in her small home town to the gilt and tinsel of her screen fame. In our next week's issue will commence "The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios," and we predict that our readers will find it one of the most fascinating confessions of the human heart that has ever appeared in pitiless print.

In it you will learn how "Clownie," the little daughter of an actress, lived in drab and dingy poverty until the chrysalis of her great art broke and disclosed her as one of the shining geniuses of the films.

Listen!

"Most of us are starrily suckled on lies. Pretty lies. Clever lies . . . These confessions will be the truth. I would not dare to call them confessions if they were not the truth. That means to me the taking off of all my professional clothes and getting down to the ME that was humbly born of my mother."

That's how it starts—but you will have to see for yourself how it ends.

On the newsstands next Thursday.

DON'T MISS IT!

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What Love means to Me

BY Lillian GISH

Lovely screen star of *"The White Sister"* tells what *divine passion means* to a woman who is deeply in love

***An interview with* Paul Rochester**

ALBIN.

"Those of us who can find happiness in love for a man," said *Miss Gish*, "should cherish that love and hold it holy."

"WHAT did you think of it?" Lillian Gish asked me on the day following the world premiere of "The White Sister."

I told her what a marvelous experience it had been to watch a motion picture which was always artistic, never trivial. And so we drifted into a discussion of the concluding scenes of that photoplay, in which Sister Angela keeps her vows to the church while her love for a man is annihilated.

It was late afternoon in the Vanderbilt Hotel, and the frail Lillian was lying on a couch, resting from the excitement and thrills of the night before, a night which concluded with a fifteen minute long distance telephone call to Mother Gish up in the mountains, after three o'clock in the morning.

"It's amusing," Lillian remarked, "to read the remarks of one or two reviewers who believe that 'The White Sister' has an unhappy ending. I believe that our ending is the happy one . . ."

Then Lillian told me why.

If you have neither read F. Marion Crawford's book nor seen the photoplay you will want to know that the story has to do with an Italian girl who pledges her troth to a young soldier. She promises to love him forever, and when he goes to Africa on an expedition, she waits happily for his return. Then he is reported dead and she turns to the Church for solace. She concludes her novitiate and accepts the eternal vows of marriage to the Church just before he returns from imprisonment. He finds her a nun. He pleads the cause of his worldly love to her, and urges her to ask the Pope for a dispensation releasing her from her vows. But she will not break her faith. So she leaves him to his death, and is happy because she has found the secret of eternal joy on earth.

"Love means two things to a woman. Above all it means happiness, and those of us who can find happiness in love for a man should cherish that love and hold it holy," she told me.

"To the other sort of woman, love means satisfaction. It means satisfaction of vanity, for one thing. This sort of woman wants to possess a man, she wants to have the world know that she has the power of holding a man. And she wants the man for what he can give her in material goods, quite apart from any happiness. There is a finer type of woman, however, a rare type, who holds something beyond mere happiness and mere material satisfaction. Angela is of this type. Sensitive, with eyes uplifted from the earth, she first seeks happiness from a man. She has been turned away from her rightful possessions by the scheming of her half-sister, and when she finds herself alone and unprotected, it is only natural that she should seek comfort in the arms of a man who loves her.

"THEN this man is apparently wrested away from her by a fate stronger than any human power. Where can she renew her hope, her faith? To what can she turn?

"Because she is a Catholic she turns to the church. And when, later, her lover returns and she finds she has taken a step which turns her forever from him, she is met with a problem which is almost transcendental. She has the choice between love and honor.

"Love means nothing when you have no happiness, and what happiness could Angela have had if she had forsaken her vows? She would have been an outcast nun and her lover a broken officer of the army. She might have fled from Rome, she might have left Italy, and she might have begun life anew with him. But even if the world had forgotten that she had broken her vows, she herself could never have forgotten.

"So Angela, in the picture, takes the one and only path. The Japanese, you know, are reputed to be ready to commit hari-kari if they feel their honor has been besmirched. Angela feels the same. When her lover takes her in his arms and kisses her, the lips that would have passionately met his own, are cold and lifeless, and she tears herself away from him and drives evil thoughts from her mind by telling the beads of her rosary.

"This is what love means to a woman of Angela's type. Love means something different to every woman. To one it means a home, children, the thought that a loving being is near at every moment. To another love means the meeting of minds on an equal plane, the smoothing of life's rough edges by a loving hand.

"To another love means the sharing of great things, a mutual accord and helpfulness, the

(*Continued on page 29*)

The KU KLUX

The *Grand Goblin* of the *Ku Klux Klan, W. S. Coburn,* supreme attorney of the *Invisible Empire* for the *Pacific Coast.*

The *Klansmen's Camp* at *Carnegie, Pa.,* near where was fought the battle between the *Klan* members and a mob that resulted in the injury of one hundred people.

Knights of Invisible Empire complete new screen production in Columbus, Ohio—Speculation is aroused over public reception picture will be tendered

By T. Howard Kelly

IS THE Ku Klux Klan about to reveal its secret purposes and innermost workings through the medium of the silver screen?

This is the sensational question that follows in the wake of the Invisible Empire's recent announcement that a feature picture has been produced by the hooded organization, and is now being offered to distributors throughout the country. Beyond the bare fact that a ten-reel picture had been made under the strict auspices of the Ku Klux Klan, little else is known at the present moment regarding the nature of the production.

However, it is a pretty well-defined belief in circles which have access to inside information concerning all movie productions, that motion picture patrons who have any curiosity as to the Invisible Empire's reason for existence will have this curiosity satisfied by viewing the forthcoming K. K. K. film.

According to announcements credited to the Ku Klux Klan, the title of its propaganda picture is "The Toll of Justice." Added information which Movie Weekly has received from a reliable source indicates that "The Toll of Justice" is built upon a patriotic theme. The story is said to have been written from the outstanding dramatic incidents in American history, and the Stars and Stripes are said to play an important role in the production.

During the past three years, the Ku Klux Klan has risen from what might be described as a small local movement into a nation-wide one. In certain sections of America it has become a power. The Klan has created an almost magical interest in itself, because of the fact that a veil of secrecy has shrouded its real purposes and objectives. The mysticism growing out of its masked personality has made it the most talked about organization in the United States. Its existence has been responsible for a vast amount of conjectures and speculations as to what it intended to do with the power it has apparently been attempting to mobilize. This organization has vouchsafed no reason for its existence except to say that it stood for the enforcement of American principles, and furthermore, that it constituted a safeguard against all and any movements which might originate to minimize the constitutional rights of American citizens.

In spite of the clashes that have occurred between the Klan and its opponents, the organization has continually vowed its allegiance to the American flag. The Klan has always declared that it stood for law and peace.

The fact that the white-robed organization is about to present its first venture in celluloid drama lends itself to the belief that after these years the Klan is now ready to tell its own story for the first time. For this very reason, I am of the opinion that America ought to welcome an opportunity to see what the Ku Klux Klan is all about. If the film passes the different boards of state censorship, it should be given a place on all the screens of this country in an effort to enlighten Americans with regard to their least understood secret organization. After seeing this picture, the public may be able to pass its own judgment on the society.

"The Toll of Justice" was made by an official order of the Klan. This would seem to substantiate my belief that this film is a gesture on the part of the Klan to tear away the mask under which it has been existing, and which it would appear has been the cause of much antagonism to the organization. The actors and actresses taking part in the movie production are all said to be bona fide members of the Invisible Empire. Consequently, we ought to be able to expect something authentic and accurate in the way of facts concerning the organization.

THE belief is now prevalent in motion picture circles that the Ku Klux Klan intends to do pictures from time to time, and that this ten-reel feature is but the forerunner of others to come. Recent publicity concerning certain activities of the order, which has its headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia, revealed the desire on the part of the Ku Klux to launch a gigantic propaganda campaign. Inasmuch as a motion picture film speaks what is commonly described as "the universal tongue," it does seem logical to believe that the Klan will go on making new pictures to exploit its own purposes.

Not long ago the hooded organization announced the purchase of an entire educational institution located in Indiana. This news came as quite a surprise to the American public. The buying of Valparaiso University was looked upon as a move on the Klan's part to take a hand in educating American youth along certain principles.

The Klan picture, "The Toll of Justice," was filmed in Columbus, Ohio, according to the advices from motion picture exchange men who are bargaining for the right to exploit and distribute the feature. Unfortunately, it has been impossible so far to secure any intimate details concerning the cast of characters, the actual plot of the story, or who directed it. The same veil of secrecy which has hitherto surrounded the efforts of the Klan to carry out its hidden purposes has proved a curtain which camouflaged the production of this picture. But, according to the meagre information which has filtered through from Columbus, there was no sinister purpose behind the Klan's secret preparation of its picture.

IT WILL be an interesting thing to discover whether or not the Ku Klux Klan in its picture effort will be able to add any new dramatic stars to the already large field of famous men and women now working before the camera. Also, it will be interesting to find out just what the Klan's conception of American history is in relation to the conception held by the American public outside of the realms of Klanism.

I feel fairly confident in predicting one certainty

KLAN Makes a Movie

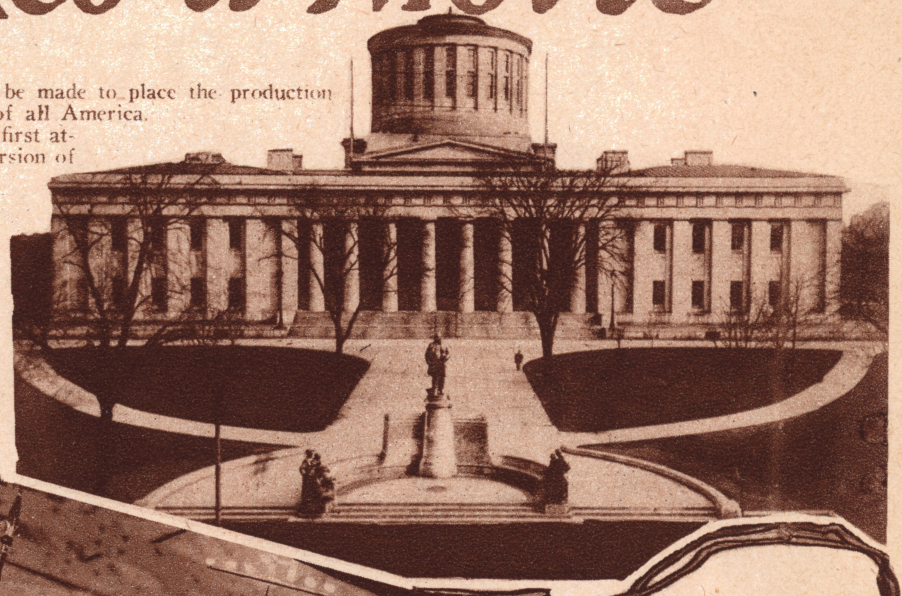
concerning the production soon to be publicly exhibited, and that is this: Regardless of what kind of motion picture entertainment "The Toll of Justice" provides—regardless of whether the women actresses are beautiful and alluring—regardless of the personal appeal of the men who are in the cast, the film will be in demand simply and solely because it gives the public "inside stuff."

The circumstances which occasioned the original foundation of the Klan arose out of the difficulties of the Reconstruction Period following the Civil War. D. W. Griffith's great picture, "The Birth of a Nation," has furnished the film-going public with a graphic picture of the post-bellum days, but it is thought by many that the conditions which exist now are in no wise similar to those directly following the Civil War, and that the present existence of the Klan is in no wise necessary. However, the claims set forth by the Klan in the movie it has made are such as to show the Klan as a public benefactor, punishing the wrongdoer and succoring the weak and helpless. All of these details will form a substantial part of the Ku Klux Klan's movie, which will aim to acquaint the public with the actual good that the Klan does.

EXHIBITING a motion picture bears a certain definite relation to printing a newspaper or delivering a speech, inasmuch as a picture states a point of view pictorially. Consequently, there are many people who believe that the Klan should be given an opportunity to indulge a constitutional right of free speech in the matter of exhibiting its film.

At any rate, it is most certain, judging from the Klan's announcement of the picture's completion, that every effort will be made to place the production before the eyes of all America.

This is not the first attempt to put a version of the Ku Klux Klan before the public in the guise of entertainment.



The *State Capitol* in *Columbus, Ohio*, the city in which the *Ku Klux* movie was made.

New members being initiated into the *Klan* at *Atlanta, Ga.*

Members of the *Ku Klux Klan* giving a check to a destitute woman in *Atlanta, Georgia*

Earlier this year a play was produced in Baltimore which had for its theme the rise of the Ku Klux Klan. The play was called ordinary melodrama by critics and seems to have met with the fate of ordinary melodrama from the public as it never emerged from the sticks to the bright lights of Broadway.

IT IS not known whether that play was the cause of any irritation between Klansmen and their opponents, but it is recalled that when "The Birth of a Nation" was given a reissue in New York a little over a year ago, the audience had a jolly good time asserting themselves as pro or contra the Klan. "The Birth of a Nation" played in New York for over a year in 1914 and 1915, without exciting any comment, although it was attacked in other parts of the country.

Last year, however, when it was shown in New York, and the climax, showing the knights of the Klan routing the carpet-baggers and negroes from the government of South Carolina was flashed on the screen, the music of the orchestra was drowned by hisses, catcalls and applause. The picture ran for only a week, but it excited considerable comment.

No doubt, if "The Toll of Justice" reaches the screen, it will cause a similar commotion. It is noticeable, however, that the propaganda film, with few exceptions, has

(*Continued on page 29*)

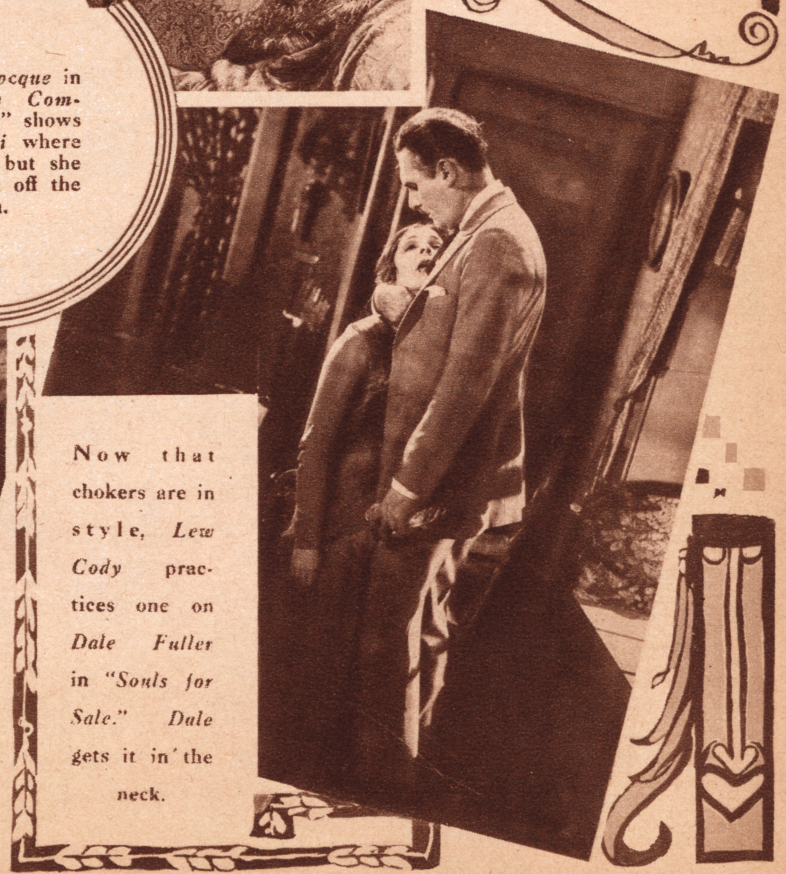
BEATING 'EM UP— in the MOVIES

Doug Fairbanks, in *"The Three Musketeers,"* throws in the clutch, and *Barbara La Marr* catches it!

The way this courtier in *"The Spanish Dancer"* is beating him up, we shouldn't blame *Gareth Hughes* for beating it, too.

Rod La Rocque in *"The Ten Commandments"* shows *Nita Naldi* where to get off, but she doesn't get off the sofa.

Louis Wolheim, as the villain, in *"Little Old New York,"* allows *Marion Davies* plenty of rope.



Now that chokers are in style, *Lew Cody* practices one on *Dale Fuller* in *"Souls for Sale."* *Dale* gets it in the neck.

WHO IS The Greatest Actress of the Screen? Herbert Brenon Tells ...

Veteran movie director sets forth whom he regards as *finest artist of the silent drama*—And a few others

By Dana Rivers

***Herbert Brenon*, noted movie director, who discusses the comparative excellence of *American* screen actresses.**

***"Pola Negri,"* says *Mr. Brenon*, "encountered terrible jealousies and she chose her own method of combatting them. . . . But *Pola* has just begun."**

***"Nazimova,"* said *Mr. Brenon*, "in the hands of a director . . . would again be the screen's greatest actress."**

HERBERT BRENON was in New York between Pola Negris. Which is to say that he had finished "The Spanish Dancer" and was bound back again, the day we saw him, to make "My Man."

We thought that we would ask him to give us his opinion of Pola. There have been so many opinions by those less qualified to speak. And while we were at it we thought that we would ask him to name a few of the screen's greatest actresses as seen by him. Those whom he considers to flame most brightly with the geyser bursts of genius.

"Who is the greatest genius of the screen?" we therefore said, "and if so, why so? Why are they great? What do they bring to the screen, particularly and specifically?"

"The greatest actress," said Mr. Brenon, "that the screen has ever known or ever will know is . . . *Alla Nazimova.*"

We gasped and begged for more. We had asked for a Pola and got an Alla.

"Nazimova," pursued Mr. Brenon, with his characteristic enthusiasm of speech, "is a *living warning*. She is a living warning to other players what NOT to do. In the beginning, when I directed her in 'War Brides,' her first picture, she was miraculous. All the fire, all the dramatic wealth, all the scorching flame of a great genius. She didn't know anything about technique. She didn't NEED to know anything about it, so long as she let the director do his job, so long as she did hers, which was to *act*. She placed herself, in that picture, unreservedly in my hands and we got results. Then she bethought herself that she should learn technique. Always an extremist, *she learned it*. She learned so much of it that it has all but ruined her. What is she today? Merely because she thought that she could do two jobs instead of one. I still maintain, however, that if Madame Nazimova could be persuaded to put herself into the hands of a director in whom she could have confidence, if she could attend to her job and let the director attend to his, she would again be the greatest living actress on the screen today.

"I feel experienced, for I have had the pleasure of directing the two greatest of them all—Nazimova, as I have just said, and Pola Negri."

"Has it been all pleasure?" we inquired, recalling the many, many tales that have come to us of the Negri's "temperament." "Isn't Pola rather—er—difficult to work with?"

"No more difficult than any genius," said Mr. Brenon, "and, as a matter of fact, Pola has been very much maligned. She is a foreigner. A stranger in a strange land. She didn't understand our democracy. She couldn't, so to speak, come out of her shell. She encountered terrible jealousies and she chose her own method of combatting them. She didn't understand that sometimes the way to attain one's end is not by fighting through, but by diplomacies. She couldn't understand why she was so criticized, and she is hurt because, like all great artists, she is extremely sensitive.

"BUT *Pola has just begun.* What she can do, will do in future, has only been suggested. She has immense reserves not yet tapped. She brings to the screen, first and foremost, *native passion*. Tremendous drama. Enormous emotions. She isn't particularly versatile. She couldn't play the roles of sweet simplicity. She has to play women of the world and she has to deal with the passions. She works from the heart, not from the head, and if she were to work from the head she would kill her own effects. Unlike Nazimova, Pola knows too little of technique. She isn't completely screen-wise as yet. Nazimova took a glass and filled it to overflowing, Pola has filled hers only three-quarters full. Neither one has a sense of proportion, another sign of genius, which is never balanced.

"So much for two of the six. Mary Pickford,

(*Continued on page* 31)

ZIEGFELD picks the Six

Mary Miles Minter, who *Florenz Ziegfeld* nominates as one of the six greatest screen beauties.

Famous producer of the "*Follies*" tells *Movie Weekly* who, in his opinion, are the most beautiful women of the films

By Gladys Hall

IF YOU were to go to Heaven and St. Peter were to let you in you would know that you had been a good gal. You would know that you were among the eternally elect.

If you were to go to the New Amsterdam Theatre Building in New York City, if you were fortunate enough to be passed through the little wooden gate that bars the Czar of Charm from the rest of the world and if the Czar of Charm, i. e., Flo Ziegfeld, were to tell you to report to him on the stage of the theatre the day following and if, when you reported, along with some fifty or sixty other candidates, you were to be watched by Mr. Ziegfeld from the darkened auditorium while, in knickers and a blouse, you walked and danced and smiled and bowed, you were then requested to join the First Family of the Follies, you would KNOW that you were beautiful!

You might have *thought* so before. Your Young Man might have assured you of this pleasant fact time and time again, but Love is blind, you know, and Mr. Ziegfeld is *not*, and there you are! There you would be!

If Mr. Ziegfeld should decide that you are beautiful, beautiful you would be. If Mr. Ziegfeld should set the seal of his approval upon you, you would be dedicated to beauty and none could gainsay you.

For Mr. Ziegfeld has standards. Set standards. He is probably harder to get by than St. Peter, who is notoriously difficult to please.

In the first place, if you wear make-up when you go in to see Mr. Ziegfeld, you are more apt than not to be taboo. You've got to be passed by him without benefit of Mineralava. You can't have dyed hair. You can't be overweight. You can't look as if you had been up all night the night before. You can't be a dumbbell. You've got to have more than the Law allows by way of gray matter as well as a passable cuticle. You've got to have originality. You've got to stand out from the *hoi polloi*. You've got to have individuality and distinction. If bobbed hair suits you, you should have sense enough to know it and have it bobbed. If bobbed hair doesn't suit you, you've got to have sense enough to know that, too. You've got to have self-confidence so that you can carry yourself correctly and with poise and surety. Merely pretty faces are not enough.

Nor are a pair of pretty eyes enough. You've got to have fairly specified proportions. And you MUST have shapely limbs. In the words of the immortal bard, slightly transposed, "The leg's the thing!"

Makes it a bit difficult, *n'est-ce pas?*

Before *Mae Murray* became a movie star she was in *Ziegfeld's "Follies,"* which makes her doubly eligible to its creator's choice.

THERE has been, ever and anon, much controversy and argument as to which or who among the screen stars are the most beautiful. Fan has contended against fan, press agent has vied with press agent and critic with critic.

Every now and again some buxom blonde or blooming brunette has been heralded and set up as the screen's *most* beautiful woman. Mary Pickford . . . Mabel Normand . . . Pola Negri . . . Andree Lafayette . . . each and every one of them has, in her turn, received this precious ointment of flattery and attention.

But, after all, when you come to think of it, every one of them can't be the most beautiful. There's no such thing as so many superlatives. There must be a few among the glittering gals more beautiful than any of the others, and who are we, you or I or any of us, to say, when Flo Ziegfeld is within reach to give his final and authoritative opinion?

We went to him and asked him for this opinion: Bide your souls in patience . . . like all good stories the "kick" comes at the end!

We told him that we had long since given up trying to determine who

Ruby de Remer, who was another *"Follies"* girl to be nominated by the producer.

Greatest Beauties of the Screen

was the most glorious among so many houris and we begged him to pick from the elegant eidolons, to tell us and our friends, the other fans, once and for all, who among the cinemartists are the most beautiful of them all?

And whom do you suppose he selected?

In the first place, and here's an interesting bit, he picked ALL BLONDES!

We trust that this will not cause an orgy of golden glint rinses and henna packs, et-cetera, for Mr. Ziegfeld notwithstanding, we feel that there is something to be said for the

Now WHAT d'you think of that?

A round half dozen of blondes.

Pressed for specific reasons as to why he considers these six girls more beautiful than any of their screen sisters, Mr. Ziegfeld maintains that he has no specific reasons for his selections, ever. He declares that he does not necessarily cater to his own personal choices or opinions, but that when he decides upon girls for the beauty ranks, he sees them through the eyes of the General Public; that he has been so long the Bureaucrat of Beauty, has for so many years picked the prettiest peaches to dangle before the bedazzled eyes of the Public, he has come to see with sort of a composite eye, recognizing by instinct the girls who possess the highest percentage of charms for the greatest percentage of people.

Mr. Ziegfeld's reputation for picking beauties dates back about fifteen years, when the first Ziegfeld Follies was inaugurated. He introduced an innovation at that time which quite staggered the blasé Broadway producers—the idea of selecting young girls, entirely without experience, giving them roles in a Broadway production. Such a thing had never been heard of at that time. It was customary in those days for a chorus girl to play in road shows for years and years before a Broadway manager would consider her experienced enough for the Great White Way. And by the time she reached Broadway, her youth and freshness were all gone.

Avonne Taylor, a *"Follies"* girl who but recently selected a screen career.

Florenz Ziegfeld, founder of the *"Follies"* and the foremost authority on women's beauty in the world today.

Justine Johnstone who rose to screen fame *via the "Follies."*

Marion Davies, who *Mr. Ziegfeld* regards as one of the great beauties of the screen.

Darker Sisters.

However, here are the six girls among all the stars in Screenland whom Mr. Ziegfeld selected as the Incomparable Venuses and now it is to see whether you agree with him or no:

Avonne Taylor — *Justine Johnstone*
Mary Miles Minter — *Marion Davies*
Ruby de Remer — *Mae Murray*

IT WAS Mr. Ziegfeld who changed all this. He it was who suddenly realized that the charm of youth is much greater than the charm of experience. The world is old and weary with experience; it is youth that is fleeting and to be cherished.

So Mr. Ziegfeld sought youth for his Follies—and glorified it! He paid the highest salaries any producer had ever paid for chorus girls—but his chorus girls are not chorus girls; they are an institution. Happy is the girl who can say she is or was once a member of the Ziegfeld Follies. It is the social register of beauty.

Indeed, happy is the girl who even gets as far as Mr. Ziegfeld's office in her quest for admission to the ranks of the Follies beauties, the girl who passes, so to speak, the preliminaries.

And when she has reached, finally, the presence of the great arbiter of beauty, she will find that every feature, every mannerism is carefully observed. She will be asked, probably, to take off her hat; if her hair is unattractive, her chances are ruined. Mr. Ziegfeld will observe her eyes, her mouth—he likes the short upper lip—and a Cupid's bow mouth. He will notice her carriage, her walk, the way she sits in her chair. In fact, lucky is the girl whose charms are sufficient to receive the O. K. of Florenz Ziegfeld.

Many of our picture stars got their start in just that way, for picture producers are impressed by a girl's Ziegfeld training.

Mae Murray, of course, and Marion Davies are the most noted stars who found their stardom via the Follies. And the long list of other celebrities of the screen who began in the same way includes Martha Mansfield, Renee Adoree, Kathryn Perry, Justine Johnstone, Mary Eaton, Shannon Day—one hundred carat beauties, all of them.

And, incidentally, there is a little hope in this list for the brunette beauty. Mr. Ziegfeld does include brunettes in the girls he glorifies, even though, as it happens, the girls he selects as the most beautiful of the screen are all blondes.

However, brunettes should not be discouraged. Although Ziegfeld selects all blondes, it is a well-known fact that the brunette type screens best. The Pola Negri hair and eyes—black—have a kick to them that no blonde hair or blue eyes could impart.

The screen likes brunettes.

Mr. Ziegfeld likes blondes.

And there you are!

At any rate, you now have Mr. Ziegfeld's tastes in screen beauty, than which you can go no higher, though you are at liberty to differ from him. Let us know what you think of the ultimatum!

The Haunters are Haunted

The second gripping instalment of *"The Girl and the Ghost,"* in which *Bobby* makes an appalling discovery

By Robert Strange

What has gone before

When the will of Bobby Culberson's Uncle Tim is read, Bobby learns that his only gain therefrom is an old block house in the mountains of western Maryland. He calls his sweetheart, Hetty, and tells her. She is disappointed and informs him that another admirer, Gerall Smith, proposed the evening before and that she intends to accept him. Bobby's chum, Skip, otherwise Hamilton La Salle Jones, calls to console him. During Skip's visit the phone rings and a Mr. Rabinowitz, of the Rabinowitz Real Estate Co., tells Bobby he can sell the old house for $50,000.

Overjoyed, Bobby hurries to Rabinowitz's office. There he learns that a psychic research society has offered $50,000 for a haunted house. Rabinowitz proposes to haunt Bobby's house. Bobby accepts, borrows $1,000 from Rabinowitz, and sets forth for Frederick, Md. On the way to the house with Skip, he meets Louise Lorne, his boyhood sweetheart. Arriving at the house, an old man refuses him admittance, but he breaks in. The old man threatens him with a shot-gun and an old woman, his companion, curses him. But Skip overcomes the old pair, who disappear.

AFTER a whispered consultation, they determined on a systematic search. In every room whose door was unlocked they prowled around, stumbling over furniture and boxes, looking in every hiding place. Baffled on the first floor, they climbed to the second.

They came to the tiny bedroom which was evidently the sleeping place of the housekeeper and her husband. They found no one there. Other doors they tried, but found all locked until they came to a more comfortably furnished bedroom. Evidently this had been the chamber of Timothy Culberson when he deigned to sleep there. It was deserted now, and dreary as the rest of the rooms.

A ladder-like steps led to the next floor—the attic. Up this they went, and emerged into a low-ceilinged room, its roof sloped, containing a single dormer window. Its roof was hung with cobwebs and dust; its floor littered with wooden boxes and trunks. On a battered old wash-stand they found a candle and this they lighted.

"Let's search now for the diary," proposed Bobby.

Without more ado, they began. Skip pushed the most promising of the trunks, an old and decrepit wooden one, to the center, and without difficulty they forced up the lid. A pile of carefully folded clothing was revealed.

One by one they took them out—garments of a day long past, ruffled and turned and tailored by clothiers of olden times. In the bottom they found a huge cocked hat.

"I bet the old judge wore them in Salem," muttered Bobby.

There was nothing more in the trunk and they shoved it off into a corner and attacked the next. This contained clothes of a day more recent, but no papers. Three trunks they explored before they opened one that looked hopeful. This was crammed with books and papers.

And here their real work began. Hours passed as they examined each molding document, each stained and faded book in turn. Through the greatest miscellaneous collection of papers ever gathered under one roof they waded, with almost super-human patience. Deeds and mortgages and bills of sale, accountings and receipts, wills, caveats, inventories, cash books, ledgers and what-not they examined in the flickering light of the candle. But patience is a rewardful virtue.

"Skip! Look here!" cried Bobby. He held up a ragged leather book of faded red, the pages of which were loose and torn. Deep upon its face was imprinted in thick black letters the words, "The Diary of Thomas Timothy Culberson, Gentleman."

***Skip's* fingers touched *Bobby's* wrists. They were icy cold. "Listen!" he whispered.**

Eagerly they opened it and held it close to the feeble candle flame. Its more than a hundred pages were filled with small, closely written lines, indistinct now, and plainly inscribed by a nervous hand.

BUT when they began to decipher its message, to trace the meaning of those long-penned words, they thrilled at the story which seemed to leap alive from the tattered pages. It was a conscience, bared and on the rack. It exposed and betrayed to their eyes the mortal agonies of soul which had overtaken the witch-killer in his lonely exile. Delusions had haunted the old judge—delusions which had reached their climax in a particularly vivid passage at the very end.

"She will get me at the last," ran the words. "She is a horrible old woman, riding a black horse. All these nights I have hearkened to the clattering of the hoofs. I have peered from my window and seen her hand accusing me. Her wild, haggard face leers up at me. Her bare, skinny arms would fain enfold me. The night is coming when she will clutch me and crush me—a just payment, God knows, for my many sins!"

Skip's fingers clutched Bobby's wrists. His hands were icy cold.

"Listen!" he whispered.

There was no mistaking the sound. On the dead silence of the mountain night, it came loud and clear. They heard the onrushing thudding of of the hoofs of a galloping horse!

FOR a moment their hearts stood still. And even while the echoing hoof-beats resounded in their ears, each thought with wonderment of the coincidence which had caused them to pick up the dusty diary of Judge Culberson and to read his thrilling words under circumstances which would set the old Judge's belief to an immediate test.

And now, at the very hour of which the long-dead Judge had been afraid, at the very hour and in the very place where he had been tormented by visions of an avenging faggot on a nag, rushing on the night winds—now, they who did not believe, stood transfixed in wonderment and dismay, the while they listened to the beating measure of a horse's hoofs, and its equine cry that echoed through the darkness of the mountain solitudes.

Scarcely had the neighing of the animal ended when a new sound, a different sound, a cry of horror infinitely more sinister, more menacing, rose and pierced the silence like a rapier. The shrill screech of a jaguar; the wild, moaning yell of the mountain lion, the hellish, nameless horror of a d——d thing—it was these, all of these and something more. Something human was in that mourning shriek; something that cried out the woe of a spirit tormented.

Across the shaking, trembling trees the sound shrilled and moaned and wavered and grew faint, until it died.

Silence—the appalling silence of the mountain midnight—enfolded the top of Shadrach Mountain like a shroud. The galloping hoofs were heard no more; all was quiet and night.

Bobby looked at Skip and Skip looked at Bobby, and for a moment neither spoke. What they had heard had shaken them with a superstitious force which at first quite overcame them. Neither believed in the supernatural. Neither were physical cowards. Yet both were chilled with queer, crawling, nervous twitches. In that shriek there had been an infernal quality that pricked the gooseflesh, and why had they heard a horse on the mountain at such an hour? The sprawling pages of the Culberson diary seemed to propound an answer.

But their reaction came quickly. Bobby's jaw settled into its most aggressive angle and his fists were clinched. Skip moved for the door.

"Let's hurry!" cried Bobby.

Down the rickety steps they raced, their careless feet clattering loudly, the echoes calling from rooms and corridors. Without pausing for hats, they hastened to the front porch and out under the dome of a blinking million of stars.

No visible trace remained of the horse which they felt certain they had heard. Though the moonlight sprayed the landscape with its glimmer-

ing gray-blue, illuminating the farthest reaches and exposing in silver patches the twisting roadway below, there was no sign of living or moving thing. Bobby began seriously to question himself—he was already beginning to believe it all a delusion.

But Bobby was of a practical mind, that fretted at speculation and theorizing. He knew that both he and Skip could not have been deluded at the same time. And they had both heard the same cries. He called Skip closer and debated the situation.

Both wanted tangible evidence. They had heard certain sounds. They had seen nothing. Hoof-prints were almost out of the question. On the frozen earth there was little chance of any impressions being found. Yet Bobby and Skip made a wide circuit of the house, closely examining the ground, and they had finally reached the starting point, discouraged and puzzled what next to do, when Skip gave a little chortle of joy.

"What's that?" he demanded.

He was pointing with pantomimic eloquence at something only a yard or so from his right foot. It was small and white. Bobby saw it, rushed toward it and bent to his knee. A low cry came from his lips.

"Foam!" he exclaimed. "A fleck of foam! It's from the mouth of a speeding horse!"

Straightening up, he faced Skip soberly. It was the tangible evidence they had sought. There had been no mistake. What they had heard had not been the phantasm of overwrought imaginations, stimulated by an old diary. A horse had been here; a living horse—not a spectre!

Shivering in the bitter cold of the night air, Bobby was about to suggest that they return to the house, when Skip suddenly leaped forward. His eyes were glittering like a man possessed. As if suddenly overpowered by a demon within his thin, wiry arms encircled Bobby's waist with the speed of a bolt of lightning. With bewildering suddenness, Bobby was jerked backward. Before the protesting yell could be born on his lips, Skip's palm had closed his mouth. And before Bobby knew what had happened to him, he found himself hurled to the floor of the porch, in the deepest shadow, behind the rail.

SKIP had acted with decision. And there was no need for it.

Far away they heard the dull thudding coming again—the return of the galloping horse. Louder and louder grew the sounds; the thing was rushing forward at furious, plunging, death-mocking speed, the rhythm of its flying hoofs pounding the hard sod like the fierce beating of a drum.

"Look!" cried Bobby. "There!"

They saw it at last. Fast as a whirling wind it came out of the forest gloom into the peaceful glamor of the moon. A fearful thing upon which to look at midnight—a racing, heedless, foaming black horse, ridden by an unearthly being.

Horse and rider seemed like the mad visions of spectral frights in dreams. The animal was gasping, as if whipped to the limit of its life; its long, streaming neck stretched low and far; its eyes blazing. From its swelling sides rose clouds of streaming vapor—and its smoking coils unwrapped and distorted the ghastly creature astraddle the steed.

Squatting on the horse's back, lashing its sides spitefully with a short leather thong, mouthing, chattering, blaspheming was the ungodliest old woman ever beheld. Her legs curled beneath her crimson skirt, she crouched forward easily, unafraid, boisterous. In the brief moment that she passed before their startled vision, Bobby and Skip got an unforgettable impression. They saw the bony, shriveled figure, hunched close, cloaked in black velvet cape. From its edges waved stray wisps of scrawny white hair. Her withered, evil face, with its sagging cheeks and its venomous, glittering eyes, were turned toward the house, and her moving lips seemed muttering curses. The long, fleshless arms outstretched—the bare, corded neck, greenish in the shine of the moon—all were photographed on their minds in that one fleeting instant.

Horse and hag, they rushed into that moon-beamed space and for a moment were revealed. And ere she disappeared, she threw back her head, her mouth opened wide, so that its fangs showed yellow, and from her throat rose out that blood-curdling cry. Sharp and shrill and cutting it wailed; then was suddenly ended as the darkness of the forest edge swallowed them up.

"After them!" cried Bobby dazedly.

It was want of something to do, not hope of reaching them, that set them running across the ground in pursuit. And when they arrived panting at the fringe of the woodland, they paused.

No sound came to their ears. Rider and ridden were gone—vanished into the night—utterly and completely disappeared. And the profound hush, the stern stillness of the night in high places, overspread all the mountain.

BOBBY and Skip went straight to the kitchen. By mutual, unspoken understanding, they hurried there with the least possible loss of time. Chilled from their vigil on the cold mountain slope, they found its serene warmth a welcome relief, and for a little while they hovered over the stove range, shivering and warming their hands, and neither spoke. Then Bobby found the rocker and lighted a cigarette. Skip poured fresh water into the coffee pot, and removing an iron lid from the stove, set the pot on the coals.

"It wasn't any ghost!" declared Bobby at last.

Skip did not reply; he was busy pouring coffee into two enormous blue and white china mugs. Without seeking further for sugar or milk, they drank it happily. But when warmed to his "innards," Skip dropped his tunic of taciturnity and became vocal with argument.

"Let's look at this thing intelligently," he proposed, with a final gulp of coffee. "I agree with you that the old crone on the dobbin was not an apparition. She was a regular, honest-to-God she-woman—and she had some mighty important object in her bean."

"No sensible or conservative old lady would care to take a horseback ride under such circumstances. Depend upon it, she's not yelping and howling around these premises without some mighty good reason," said Bobby grimly.

"Right. And what kind of motive can we look for? Let us consider the possibilities. Has someone stolen our idea? I mean, is there someone else up here trying to make this house haunted and then sell it to Professor Salisbury?"

"Gee, we haven't had a chance to do any haunting ourselves," reflected Bobby. "But I don't think your idea there is worth anything. It would be too great a coincidence."

Skip, who was busy washing the coffee cups at the sink, looked sagely back over his shoulder.

"Maybe," he conceded. "But suppose that strange female in Rabinowitz's office had overheard any of your conversation. The gal that wanted to buy the house, I mean. Maybe that doesn't put an idea in your head—no?"

Bobby considered this proposition thoughtfully.

"That young lady was mysterious—she was veiled—and all of that," he admitted, "but I can't imagine her riding a horse. She just wasn't built to double up like our nocturnal friend, if you get what I mean."

Skip removed his greasy gingham apron and replaced it on the nail with some symptoms of exasperation.

"Then, who in h——l is the old thing?" he demanded querulously.

"Might be Rabinowitz himself," Bobby suggested. "He was the guy who first thought of this merry little scheme. Maybe he thought we would bungle the works. Or maybe he wanted to pump us full of real conviction. He's a queer duck, anyhow!"

"Well, returned Skip, with elaborate irony, "judging from your description of Rabinowitz, that must be the correct solution. True, Rabinowitz is a dumpy, fat lump of dough—what does that matter? The oldish person we saw on the nag is Rabinowitz. Ouch! Have some more coffee?"

Bobby shook his head sadly. There was no doubt about it—the old lady and Rabinowitz could not have been one and the same person. Skip suddenly had an idea. Setting the mugs back on their shelf with meticulous care, he turned and whispered:

"Suppose your uncle didn't die? Suppose he—"

"Cut it out!" snapped Bobby. "I was at the funeral. He's dead all right!"

Silence followed—a long, soundless pause, while Skip scratched his nose industriously.

The process seemed to reward him with a new idea.

"Bobby!" he gasped. "What's your friend's name—Louise Lorne? What was she doing up in these mountains, so mysteriously and everything, eh? How about her?"

FOR answer, Bobby rose stiffly and confronted his chum with a pose that, to an imaginative person, might have implied belligerency.

"Look here, Skip," he grated warningly. "Don't let any such little idea creep into your weak mind again. That young lady is a member of one of New York's finest families—and without a question, she is New York's very nicest

Huddled on a bundle of old clothes on the floor lay the unconscious form of a young and beautiful girl.

girl. Once upon a time she and I were engaged to be married. We quarreled because she wanted to have a career—and then get married. But I know that young lady—I know her so well that whatever else she might do, she would never be so undignified as to ride a horse under such circumstances. And please don't mention her name in any such connection again, if you value the unmarred contour of your physiognomy!"

"Yes, sir!" aswered Skip, gravely, making a military salute. "Aye, aye, sir!"

Bobby walked over to the kitchen window and looked out. When he turned, there was a look as of one who has seen a great light, across his face.

"Why, I've got it!" he announced. "Old Mrs. Santa Claus, of course—the old woman who wouldn't let us in here and who has since disappeared—now, don't tell me that old woman couldn't ride a horse. She could ride anything!"

"But why should she do a thing like that?"

"Why? Why, to scare us away from here, of course. That's why they beat it. It's as plain as the nose on——"

Here Bobby paused. He halted because of the expression on Skip's face—a look of surprise, aided and abetted by an ingratiating grin. He was staring hard at the kitchen door. And then Bobby realized that they had visitors—unannounced callers who had come noiselessly in upon them.

IT was the old lady and her husband about whom they had been talking. Both were closely wrapped in coats and blankets against the chill of the night, and their weazened faces could barely be discerned through their multitude of coverings. This fact contributed to delaying an understanding which the old couple were plainly endeavoring to bring about by courtesies, smirks, bows and flourishes. It was several minutes before Bobby and Skip realized that these were not the periginations and convolutions of seniles, but well-intentioned gestures of good will. The old pair were trying to "make-up."

"Good evening," said Bobby politely, when this vast truth began to permeate his understanding.

"Be this Mr. Culberson?" wheezed the old man, his head cocked partly, playfully, at an acute angle.

"It be," Bobby assured him gravely.

"Well, do tell! My name's Melchizadek Hope. This is my wife, Charity. Now, Mr. Culberson, please don't hold that shot-gun agin us. You know, well as I do, that old folks like us gits powerful set in their ways and cranky as Tophet. So you must forgive Charity—she didn't mean nuthin' a-tall!"

"You draw yer tongue in, you old loud-mouthed fool!" interposed Mrs. Charity Hope in a vociferous squeak. "Tryin' to lay the blame on me! Mr. Culberson, don't mind him. He ain't quite right in his head! I've brought him around now, and you won't have no more trouble. There's a lot of things," she continued, drawing nearer and shaking her head mysteriously, "that we'll be wanting to talk over some morning. But now I know you're tired, and in this devil-chased place, you want all the sleep you can get. If you young men are ready, I'll show you to your room."

"What do you mean—devil-chased?" asked Bobby eagerly.

"Ain't you heard? Why, the whole countryside's talking about it. There's a big piece in the Frederick papers—and the farmers are talking about a possey and everything. They do say——"

"Now, Charity," interrupted the old man, "these young men want to go to bed. You know what we said."

"That's right," agreed the old woman. "We're not agoin' to talk until tomorrow morning!"

AND in spite of the united pleadings of Bobby and Skip, nothing more on the subject could be drawn from the withered lips of Mr. and Mrs. Melchizadek Hope. So they followed the old lady, who bore a lighted oil lamp in her trembling hand, up the stairs to the room she had decided would be theirs for the night.

This room was on the second floor of the rear of the house. It was the same into which they had looked, during their search earlier in the evening and had surmised to be the one reserved for the visits of Bobby's uncle when he was alive. A curious feature about it was, that though it was on the second floor, its window was only a few feet from the ground. This was due to the fact that the house was built on sloping ground, so that the rear of the second floor was almost on a level with the earth.

After telling them to make themselves at home, the old lady stood in the doorway, the rays of the oil lamp casting a weird glow over her face, and a distorted, shuddering shadow on the floor. She had lighted another lamp for them on the stout walnut chest of drawers at the other end of the room.

"Yes," she observed, with that quick, sucking intake of the breath, common to old people, "this was your uncle's room, Mr. Culberson. It was also the room in which the old man who built this house used to sleep—the old witch-killer who came fom Salem. Sleep well, sirs! Good night!"

She laughed gently, and with a last squint at them, turned and closed the door behind her. They heard her footsteps die away down the creaking stairs.

Then they faced each other.

"She couldn't do it!' declared Skip with conviction.

"Couldn't do what?"

"That old woman couldn't ride on a horse!"

"Well," insisted Bobby, "where have they been all this time? Why are they so all-fired nice to us, all at once? What's between them, anyhow?"

He waited, but Skip made no vocal reply. Instead, he made elaborate signals with his arms, the general message of which was that Bobby should refrain from speaking and let his ears concentrate.

Skip's hearing, always acute, had not been deceived. From somewhere in that room there came a sound. It was a low, dull, suffering groan.

The two stared at each other in hushed awe and amazement. Then Bobby pointed at the door of a closet. There was no doubt of it—the groans came from behind that door.

On tip-toe, they approached it, Skip drawing his revolver. Bobby was there first, and it was his hand that closed about the knob. With a fierce jerk, he pulled open the door. A surprising revelation awaited them.

Huddled on a bundle of old clothes on the floor lay the unconscious form of a young and beautiful girl.

"Good God!" cried Bobby. "It's Louise Lorne!"

Mr. Morris Rabinowitz has a system for opening his morning mail. Long habit has made him an expert in the dissection of correspondence. To his appraising eyes and pudgy fingers experience has imported a rare, telepathic instinct which enables him instantly to flip circulars and bills into the waste-basket without disturbing seal or flap; to thrust aside for his leisurely pleasure complaints, inquiries and acknowledgments, and immediately, on the second, to abstract those missives containing negotiable cuttings of paper in greens, blues and buc. He has, in this particular operation, the skill of a vaudeville mind reader. Mr. Rabinowitz can tell without opening them, which of his letters have checks in them.

It was while thus pleasantly engaged, on the morning following the departure of his client, Mr. Robert Culberson, for the house on Shadrach Mountain, that Mr. Rabinowitz received the first of what subsequently proved to be a series of shocks.

Mamie, his stenographer, was engaged in the triple occupation of chewing gum, rubbing her nails and looking at the pictures in a morning newspaper, incidentally guarding the entrance to Mr. Rabinowitz's august presence. The door opened and a young lady entered.

"Is this the office of Mr. Rabinowitz?" asked the young lady, her voice cool and languid and superior.

A PAUSE, while Mamie coldly studied this new phenomenon.

"That's what all them letters on the front door is supposed to indicate to people what can read," she stated.

Her visitor only smiled and asked if Mr. Rabinowitz was in. Before Mamie could draw further upon her reservoir of sarcasm, Rabinowitz himself appeared in the doorway, grinning and beaming tentatively—not too glowingly, in case the fair caller should prove to be an agent or a book saleswoman; but glowingly enough should she be a client.

"This is Mr. Rabinowitz himself!" he announced ponderously. And meanwhile he studied her, and informed himself that he was in the presence of Class, with a capital C. And Rabinowitz was right; there was Class written all over the smart, tailored costume, the gorgeous furs, the saucy turban. Surrounded by all this magnificence, the girl's face, cherubic, not to say angelic, with rounded, beatific curves, quite overpowered Rabinowitz.

In her gloved hand was a chain, at the other end of which shivered two pounds and seven ounces of wholly hair. This minute animal rejoiced in the generic term of dog.

"Good morning, Mr. Rabinowitz," exclaimed with a queen's condescension. "I am Miss Delton—Hetty Delton, daughter of Hilary Delton. I suppose you have heard of my father?"

Mr. Rabinowitz made a gurgling, guttural sound, lacking volume or intelligibility. His head was dizzy. Hilary Delton's daughter in his office? Oi, yoi! Hilary Delton, the man who made so much money out of Fort Worth oil?- Two ois and a yoi! For why was his daughter here? Aha!

"Good morning," he managed to articulate, handling Hety's gloved hand as if it were a strange fish. "Won't you and your bloodhound come in and sit down?"

As Hetty passed with a well-bred swagger into the sanctum of Rabinowitz, Mamie shifted her gum from starboard to port, arched her eyebrows, expanded her chest measurement, pressed down her waist line with both hands and sniffed audibly.

Meanwhile, Mr. Rabinowitz exerted himself to the full to measure up to the responsibility Hetty's visit had imposed upon him. The lucre-stuffed mail he tossed with elaborate carelessness to one side. His be-ringed fingers drummed on his desk as he asked Miss Delton what he might do for her.

"It is about land—that is, about a house," admitted Hetty. "I want to find out about that Culberson place down in Maryland."

THIS was talking business, and Rabinowitz grew dizier than ever. Why should Delton's daughter be interested in that property? Oil, maybe? Aha!

"Yes?" he purred encouragingly.

"I want to buy that house!" declared Hetty.

"Your father sent you here, yes?" prompted Rabinowitz agreeably.

"This is not my father's business!" protested Hetty. "It is my personal matter, and I don't care to have my father consulted about it in any way."

"Aha!"

She leaned forward and touched his wrist gently and smiled at him, while the little old dog sniffed more disapprovingly.

"Please don't ask me embarrassing questions," she pleaded. "It is a little secret of my own—and I haven't told a soul. We wealthy girls do not all

(Continued on page 30)

Up From the Gutter

Climbed "Clownie," the homely little daughter of a broken down actress who played in cheap road shows and lived in cheaper lodging houses.

But somewhere in "Clownie" a solitary spark glimmered—the devine fire of a great screen star, and the day was to come when it burst into fine full radiance, as you will learn when you read "The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios," which commences in our next week's issue.

It's a girl's own story of her rise to screen fame out of the depths of poverty, and we think—yes, we know—that you are going to like it.

In next week's issue.

Lila LEE Watches at HUSBAND'S BED SIDE

Charming wife of *James Kirkwood* stands constant vigil at injured mate's sickbed — *Kirkwood* making slow *recovery*

By Grace Kingsley

"SH! He's in there! . . . He's asleep now! . . . No, you can't see him!"

Lila Lee pointed, and I caught a glimpse of a figure on the bed in the darkened room beyond—a huddled figure that it was hard to believe was that of the dashing Jim Kirkwood.

It is given to few brides to go through an ordeal such as fell to the lot of little eighteen-year-old Lila Lee, wed just a short month ago to James Kirkwood, and from whom she had been separated most of that time by the exigencies of picture making. Only six days in all of happy married life they had had when that terrible accident befell—he had been back from Florida only one day when it happened—that shock to the young bride of seeing her husband thrown from his horse and picked up for dead, that terrible suspense of watching him through his illness, while death hovered always near.

The trial has told on Lila. No denying that. But its effects have only made her more lovely. She is too young to have any lines on her face. So the faint shadows under those wonderful violet eyes of hers with their heavy lashes, the whiteness of her ivory skin, the look of weariness, only make her Irish beauty more alluring and interesting.

But Lila was brave through it all, brave with the well-trained nerves of the movie actress who daily sees and passes through dangers. Brave and tireless, too, was Lila, for, though there were two nurses, she didn't leave Kirkwood's side at all for the first two days and nights, but caught what sleep she could at intervals on a couch close to his bed.

"He called for me all the time," said Lila. "Right from the first, even when he was unconscious, he seemed to know if I was near. If I went out, he seemed to know it. It was very odd and uncanny that sense I had of his knowing whether I was with him or not.

"No, I didn't cry," said Lila. "I doubt if I've cried at all, all through. A girl always pictures herself in different situations, and I had always thought that if anything awful like this happened to me, I would sit down and wring my hands and cry. I hardly know what I did, in those first awful hours, when the doctors would give no assurance that Jim would live, but I'm sure I did not cry. But I know I prayed! How naturally we go back to prayer at such times! And I do believe in the power of love to bring people back from death's door! All the time there kept running through my mind the thought, 'I must be brave. Maybe if I'm brave he won't die.' In fact, I never let the thought take possession of me that Jim might die.

"I think I was just numb at first, hardly knowing what had happened, and then came the feeling of terrible suspense, while we waited and waited for the doctor to come, and Jim lay so still on the bed.

"Afterward he groaned, and even that was a relief to me, awful as the sound was. I hated so to see him suffer, and they didn't dare give him a hypodermic."

The sunlight fell in softened glow through the shaded windows, for the beautiful, homelike suite of the Kirkwoods is at one end of the long wing of the Beverly Hills Hotel. The sitting room was full of beautiful flowers, and Lila with her Irish beauty, clad in her soft blue silk negligee, looked a sight for Burne-Jones, as she stood among the flowers.

It wasn't that there was any self-consciousness about her, though. She has passed through too genuine and soul - penetrating an experience to have anything stagey left about her. If she ever were stagey, which she isn't.

BUT at least she can smile now, for Kirkwood has taken a wonderful turn for the better.

In any case, I am sure it would never occur to Lila to stage anything in real life. She would scorn to do it. She is indeed quite terrifyingly truthful, and woe be to anybody, even her dearest friend, who offends that sense of truthfulness.

She had just come over to me, whispered "Sh!" kissed me; taken me by the hands, and said, "It is so sweet of you to come!"

That was nice of her, for she has seen almost nobody since the accident occurred. And it was all so genuinely done. Any time Lila Lee is nice to you, you can be sure she means it.

Jim had been gradually coming to, little by little, she said—had begged that very morning for a cigarette.

"But he can't have a cigarette, and when he teases too hard, I just threaten to go for a long walk, to leave him alone, and he behaves. He even smiled a little this morning—oh, say, never did a smile seem so welcome!—and said I was bullying him because he was helpless!

"Oh, how glad we were to find yesterday that no operation will be necessary. There is a great

(*Continued on page* 31)

"The most awful time was the hour—the whole hour—in which we waited for the doctor to come," said *Lila Lee*.

***James Kirkwood*, who was thrown from a horse and injured.**

Lon CHANEY Triumphs *in*

Lon Chaney, as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," throttles a profiteering storekeeper of the Paris of 1482

Star gives wonderful performance in new picture—*Mary Pickford* excels in "*Rosita*," while *Mae Murray's* "*The French Doll*" and "*If Winter Comes*" complete excellent offering of week reviewed

By Lewis F. Levenson

"THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"

A Great Screen Characterization

Presented by Universal Film Corporation at the Astor Theatre New York, with a cast composed of Lon Chaney, Ernest Torrence, Patsy Ruth Miller, Norman Kerry, Kate Lester, Brandon Hurst, Raymond Hatton, Tully Marshall, Nigel de Brulier, Harry L. Von Meier, Gladys Brockwell, Eulalie Jensen and Winifred Bryson. Directed by Wallace Worsley.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" represents one of the great feats of screen production. Universal has erected the Paris of 1482 on the Hollywood studio lot and has filled its streets, its great cathedral, its slums and its palace with the types of the period.

The result is a picture that is very nearly great. It is almost perfect at those times when Lon Chaney gives his impersonation of Quasimodo, the horrible twisted creature who rings the bells of the cathedral of Notre Dame. Mr. Chaney triumphs in this picture. He is encumbered with a make-up that is probably the *nth* degree in things of that sort, for it extends to his waist and covers his face with horrors. Yet, although he is able to work with but one eye and a bit of his mouth—the remainder of his face being plastered with warts and other deformities—he does succeed in making the viewer feel the dull human urges of the hunchback's heart. And in his great scene, when, alone, he defends the cathedral against the onslaught of the beggars of Paris, he is superb, half-animal, half-human, possessed with a fiendish, demoniac will to destroy his enemies and to save the only girl who has befriended him.

He is surrounded by a cast that is sometimes adequate, sometimes not. Patsy Ruth Miller is excellent as Esmeralda, the gypsy heroine. Norman Kerry presented the picture of an actor terribly bothered by the suit of armor he had to wear. Brandon Hurst is sinister as the villain, and Ernest Torrence, although he could not make his King of the Beggars very real, is a memorable figure in his cloak of tatters.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is not a pleasant picture. It varies somewhat from Victor Hugo's blood novel, but it is still replete with scenes of bloodshed and torture, and the hunchback is a figure worthy of a welsh rarebit nightmare. We must confess that we did not like the first part of the picture at all. It was jumpy, more or less disconnected and seldom dramatic. The last half of the film was very thrilling, however. Wallace Worsley, the director, handled his mobs with great realism, and drove straight to a breath-taking climax.

We thought, too, that Paris, as shown on the film, was rather cleanly for a mediaeval city. Most of it looked as if it had just come from the stonemason's and carpenter's shops. And we wish that Universal would get someone not quite so handsome as Norman Kerry for its super-special leading man.

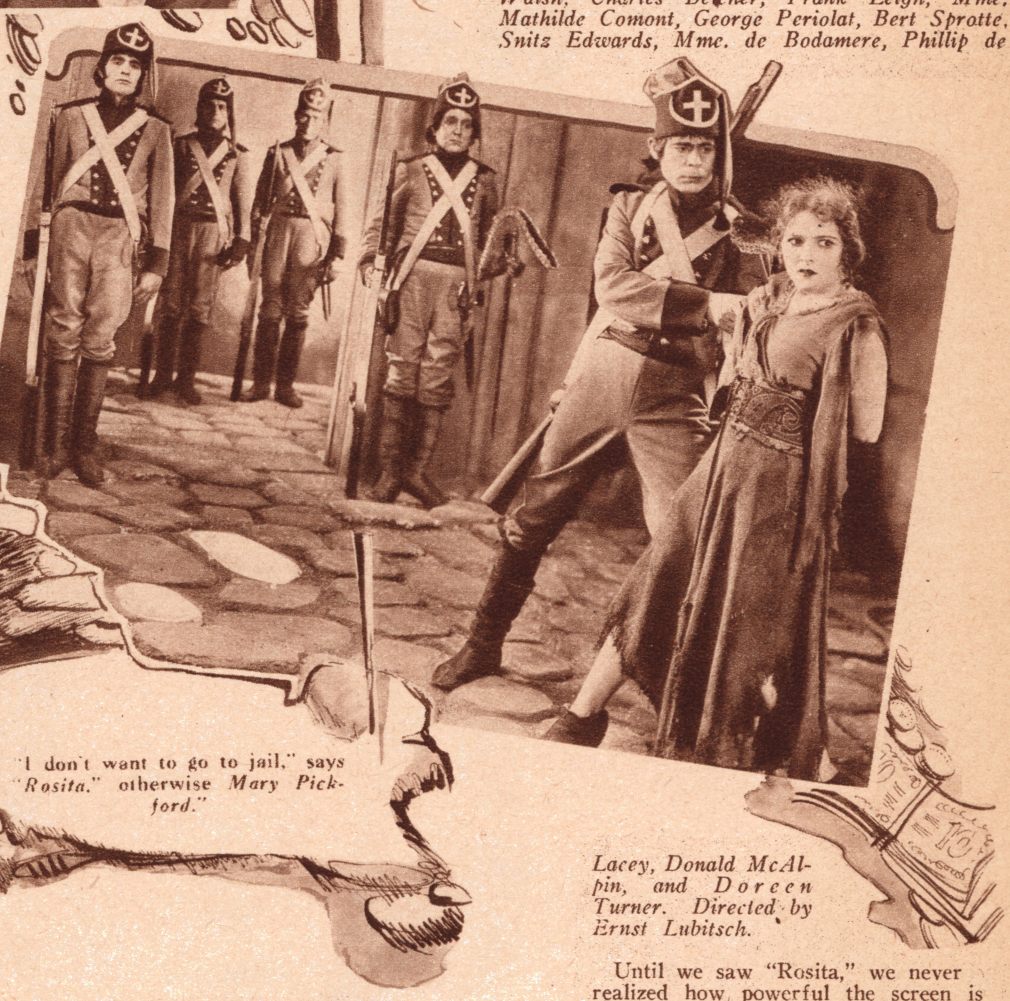
"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is a monument to the exceptional ability of Lon Chaney and a tribute to the resources of our American studios. In many respects it is fine. In some others it is more or less movie-ish. But it is well worth seeing.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"ROSITA"

Sheer Beauty

Presented by Mary Pickford at the Lyric Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Mary Pickford, Holbrook Blinn, Irene Rich, George Walsh, Charles Belcher, Frank Leigh, Mme. Mathilde Comont, George Periolat, Bert Sprotte, Snitz Edwards, Mme. de Bodamere, Phillip de Lacey, Donald McAlpin, and Doreen Turner. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.



"I don't want to go to jail," says "Rosita," otherwise Mary Pickford."

Until we saw "Rosita," we never realized how powerful the screen is as an exponent of beauty. Quite apart from its story, from its acting and its marvelous direction, "Rosita" is a beautiful film. Svend Gade, the Scandinavian scenic artist, originated the settings, and has created one exquisite bit of composition after another. In watching "Rosita," one feels beauty emerging from the screen, enthralling, holding one spellbound.

But "Rosita" has more to offer than mere beauty. It offers Mary Pickford in a dramatic role, a role in which she is no longer the graceful little girl, but a woman, a beautiful woman.

It offers, too, Holbrook Blinn as a King who is human, a king whose personality is real, proud,

"The HUNCHBACK of NOTRE DAME"

noble pleasure-loving, yet as meek as a small boy when his Queen commands. The Queen, Irene Rich, reveals a stateliness we never thought possible in the Irene Rich of Will Rogers' gentle comedies.

And "Rosita" offers Lubitsch, the almost incomparable director, whose humanizing touches make the slight story far more real than it might otherwise have been. This is Lubitsch's first American picture. The director of "Passion," of "Deception," and of other German successes, adds to his laurels in this film.

The story, we have said, is slight. It represents, we believe, a transition period for Mary. She is no longer a child, and she is developing into a mature actress. But she must realize that her fans still expect slight things of her, as in the past. We earnestly hope that this is the first step upward, and that now that she has shown herself to possess dramatic powers far beyond our expectations, she will advance steadily to still finer films.

The ending of "Rosita" is, we think, weak. Of course, it could not have been a tragedy. Mary Pickford in a tragedy? Never. But we were shocked when the hero returned to life, as in the fairy tales and the movies.

George Walsh plays this hero. He is a fine type, but not sufficiently good an actor. A minor part, well played, is that of Mathilde Comont, as Rosita's mother.

If you love lovely things, see "Rosita."

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"IF WINTER COMES"
A Novel Really Filmed

Presented by William Fox at the Apollo Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Percy Marmont, Ann Forrest, Sidney Herbert, Arthur Metcalf, William Riley Hatch, Raymond Bloomer, Walter Kolb, Margaret Fielding, Leslie King, Gladys Leslie, Virginia Lee, George Pelzer, Dorothy Allen, Eleanor Daniels, James Ten Brook, Eugenie Woodward, and Russell Sedgwick

We went up to see "If Winter Comes," prejudiced in advance. We are of those eccentrics who didn't like the novel. Oh, yes, it stirred us, occasionally, and Mark Sabre was a human, pitiable type. But why such a to-do about it. There have been many finer books, books such as Arthur Machen's "Hill of Dreams," which lie unsung, unheard of, on bookstore shelves.

So with the picture. The picture is the book. We have no fault to find with the production. It is super-excellent, and Percy Marmont is genuine as the hero. But again, as we watched the film being screened, as we saw it unfolded, chapter after chapter, as in the novel, again we asked: "Why has this story become so famous when it is obviously weak?"

Its weakness, we think, is the weakness of the character of Mabel, Mark Sabre's wife. Margaret Fielding plays her intelligently, gives a true picture of her, but why was she such a person? What were her motives? Why did Puzzlehead Sabre not perceive what a mess she was before he married her?

And that last scene in the courthouse . . . How artificial it still seems. Men have been pilloried before, but here in this picture, you again feel that Sabre deserved what he got because of his own weakness. Why didn't he strike out? Would not any man arise to such an occasion and seize his opportunity to prove his innocence? And not go under?

"If Winter Comes" is a powerful argument for those who believe that novels and plays should be changed before screen adaptation. You feel the mental stimulation of the picture, but you feel that it suffers as entertainment because it is still the book.

William Fox should be justly proud of "If Winter Comes." It answers those who have sneered at his pictures as unfit for mature minds. Harry Millarde has also seized his opportunity. And the cast has co-operated to make the film one of the season's best.

Virginia Lee does a vivacious bit as Lord Tybar's rather frank mistress. Leslie King, who ranks second to none as a make-up artist, has an interesting bit in the court room scene. Gladys Leslie, plumper than of yore, is a soulful Effie.

If you liked the novel, you will like the film.

Mae Murray, giving two reasons why *"The French Doll"* will be a popular film.

"THE FRENCH DOLL"
Froth

Presented by Tiffany Productions at the Capitol Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Mae Murray, Orville Caldwell, Rod La Rocque, Rose Dion, Paul Caseneuve and Willard Louis. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

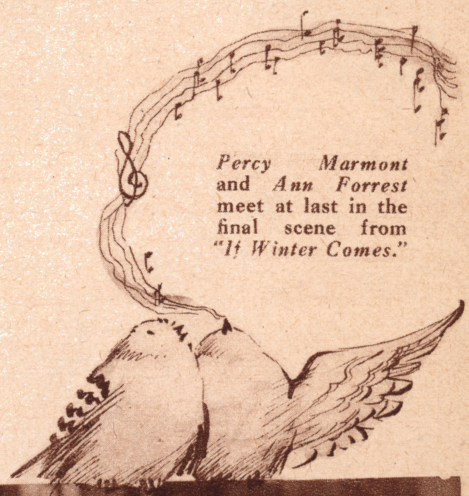
We almost said that "The French Doll" is an old-fashioned picture. That is because we have been seeing so many of the new big productions that we forgot that only last week the releases were all so poor that we nearly decided to relinquish our job to our young nephew, aged 5.

"The French Doll" is just a movie. If you have seen Mae Murray in any one of her last ten pictures, you know what to expect from "The French Doll." Lots of pep, no sense, and a dance.

Incidentally we wish Mae Murray would give us a chance to look at her soon. We see her about town now and anon and know how she looks off the screen. But in all of her recent pictures she has been so on the *qui vive* that we soon expect to read about how the public has been fooled by a double impersonating the real Mae Murray, while that infectious person is enjoying a vacation far away.

We liked Rod La Rocque. Mr. La Rocque will soon come into his own in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Ten Commandments."

"The French Doll" won't disappoint Mae Murray fans, but it will bore others dreadfully.



Percy Marmont* and *Ann Forrest* meet at last in the final scene from *"If Winter Comes."

RALPH GRAVES
who is appearing in
"Yolanda"

PATSY RUTH MILLER
who is appearing in
"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

"YES! we have no Pajamas!"

But then, *Ethel Shannon* in this costume in *"Daughters of the Rich"* is quite an unanswerable argument for pajamas.

Certainly nothing could be more delectable than this pink satin nightie worn by *Dorothy Mackaill* in *"His Children's Children."*

New styles in night attire among screen folk on west coast show daring innovations

By Ruth Mabrey

YES, we have no pajamas! That is to be the new fashion slogan for women. So, if you are one of these faddish followers of fashions who throw your last year's hat out of the window for the birds to make a nest of, you'd better decide quickly what you're going to do with those pajamas you bought last winter when you saw them on the bargain counter at Stracy's and thought they were just too cute—and only two ninety-five, too! And they looked so becoming with your bobbed hair, so boyish and all.

But you'll just have to burn them now—but no, that would be too wasteful! Maybe it would be better to find a nice, dilapidated - looking tramp asleep on the park bench and present him with the cast-offs. Of course they might not fit him, and then, too, there is the possibility that he would be cold sleeping in the open like that with only a pair of pajamas, or the police might object or something. No, on second thought, you'd better give your old pajamas to the cat. There's no reason why the cat shouldn't wear them—the cat's pajamas are still quite the thing!

Anyway, it's settled that the day of the pajama is past, so far as girls are concerned. The screen stars have said so, and if they aren't the arbiters of fashions, then who does arbit? Try and answer that one!

Esther Ralston, leading woman for *Universal,* who finds black georgette nighties quite to her taste.

AS A MATTER of fact, the pajama makers have been feeling quite hopeful of a good, prosperous season. The fashion forecasters have been predicting that this is to be a pajama winter, and all indications would point that way. All indications, that is, except Esther Ralston, Universal's new leading lady. She it is who has started all this controversy for and against pajamas. Obviously, as the pictures of her indicate, she is against them. And the trouble is—the trouble for the pajama makers, that is—when someone sees her, she is going to be a good strong argument against pajamas and for—sh!—sh!—are there any censors looking?—the good old-fashioned nightie, with a difference.

Ah, but the difference! Therein lies the secret. The present "evening gown" for bed-time wear is only a distant cousin to the one worn by our grandmothers. A very, very rich cousin, who doesn't even claim relationship to the high-necked, long-sleeved, flannelette affairs in which our mothers hopped into bed after turning off the gas. Nowadays, a girl who had to wear such an unbeauteous garment would almost consider that sufficient excuse to turn on the gas—and forget to light it. The decorous little neck lines and "leg o' mutton" sleeves have been *passé* for some time now, but it is only recently that filmy georgette and chiffon have been soothing milady into slumber.

During the last few years, the advent of bobbed hair seemed somehow to usher in the vogue for pajamas as well. The first thing a girl did after having her hair cut was to buy herself a pair of "Billie Burke's" or whatever style of pajamas happened to suit her fancy. They are very becoming to the slim, boyish type of woman; they make her look just too cute for words—but they are most uncomfortable to sleep in. Their rubber wrist bands cut into the skin and the coats have

(Continued on page 31)

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"I love to ask my Husband for Money," says Colleen MOORE

Dainty *screen star tells* what life means to her since she left the path of single blessedness and became a *blushing bride*

By Grace Greenwood

"I'S such fun asking my husband for money—not a bit like the funny papers say! And I just love it, too. And I'm just dying to bake a cake for John. John will eat it. He is brave and he loves me. But I haven't had time yet. I didn't know there was a domestic bone in my body, but all of a sudden I get such a thrill out of ordering milk and paying the butcher's bill! I always have breakfast with John—always fix his coffee for him. Do you think I'd let anybody else do that? I should say not. He takes one lump and cream. I'm trying to be a model housewife. But things never go in housekeeping, do they, as you think they should? I always think every night, 'Tomorrow I'll start being a model housekeeper.' Oh, yes, and I've been calling up everybody I know just for the fun of saying, 'This is Mrs. John McCormick!'"

Colleen Moore and I were lunching at Levy's, where all the picture stars go. Colleen, clad in a white ermine coat, and looking just as beautiful as a bride should, had grabbed me into her limousine to show me her wedding ring—the new sort with tiny diamonds in platinum, which somehow looks a bit giddy to us older ones—not so binding as those old-fashioned gold bands. That ring of Colleen's, too, beautiful as it is, isn't nearly so beautiful as the great diamond engagement ring which she wears. But her preference for the small one just goes to show how John stands with her!

"Why, Colleen, your hair is bobbed! That's not the thing for a bride to do—bob her lovely long hair!" I cried.

"Had to," said Colleen, "for 'Flaming Youth,' you know. Youth can't flame, it seems, without bobbed hair. But John wants me to let it grow."

"Are you going to?"

"Yes" — Colleen grinned roguishly — "yes, I'm not going to let it grow."

Oh, pardon me! Isn't that just like a person — forgetting the mere bridegroom? Let me introduce John McCormick, perfectly good husband, perfectly good First National film executive. And perfectly—oh, well, let Colleen tell it. She is a bride of ten whole days and still in love.

Colleen Moore, film star, and her husband, John McCormick.

"You see, John isn't even mean about the bathroom in the mornings! The bathroom is a sort of test, women tell me. If a man just grabs it and keeps it for hours, growls if you stick your head in, why he isn't a model husband, that's all.

"DO YOU know," she went on, "why we were married while I was still working on 'Flaming Youth?' It was because it was near our birthdays. It was sort of Old Home Week with us. John's birthday was August 17th and mine is on the 19th; we were married on the 18th. I was married on Saturday night and went to work the next Monday morning. Why, they even wanted me to work on Sunday, but of course John arose in his First National might and wouldn't let them make me.

"The very day I married John, I worked until three o'clock in the afternoon. I was married at five. I must have had great faith in John, for what do you think the scenes were that I was playing? Scenes with the married sister in 'Flaming Youth,' in which I, as the heroine, am completely disillusioned when I learn of her trouble, and in which I vow that I will never wed!"

What sort of a person was her ideal wife, I asked Colleen.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Colleen. "Well, I guess she runs her house perfectly, is a sort of mother to her husband as well as a wife, and is a sympathetic pal."

"Well, what is your ideal husband?" I asked.

"Oh, John, of course. He is everything I always thought I wanted in a husband. He is exactly like the man I wanted to marry. I have a little old diary, written when I was fourteen, in which I described the sort of man I wanted to wed. My hero is just John all over. You see, I had just begun to read novels then, and I concocted my romance. John is very decisive and I love that. He makes up my mind for me very often. I can't put anything over on John. He sees right through me. I cannot tell him the whitest fib—why, he seems to know what I am going to do and say before I do it. I used to hate

(*Continued on page* 28)

"I can't put anything over on *John*," said *Miss Moore*. "He sees right through me."

American Movie Actors Have Bad Manners, Says French Press

'I have always found *American* movie actors to be models of gentility," says *Andree Lafayette.*

Paris newspapers issue statements that *American film folk* are not to the manner born—*French screen stars protest*

By Alma M. Talley

A TERRIBLE shock has hit Hollywood! No, it isn't an earthquake nor has anybody been arrested. There have been no more and no fewer marriages and divorces than usual, but a bombshell has hit the film colony just the same! Hit it right in the most sensitive spot, it seems.

Many of the more daring of us humans aren't at all chagrined when someone disparages our morals; there's a certain thrill in shocking people! But when someone dares to criticize our *manners*, well—that is simply unforgivable. We may not all of us be lily white, but there isn't a one among us who doesn't like to think himself a regular Lord Chesterfield when it comes to good manners!

And Hollywood is no exception. So when the film colony read dispatches from Paris impugning their manners, it hurt! They may not be sensitive to criticism, those Hollywood folk—they've gotten so used to it—but a dig like that is painful!

For the Paris press, it seems, has labeled American picture players as "rude, crass westerners who do not know how to eat, talk, smile or bow." What an accusation—especially for film players who have to do all those things as part of their day's work, and are presumed to be experts in all those arts. In fact, many of them have spent hours of their hundred dollar a minute time trying to perfect themselves in those very accomplishments—then along comes an article from Paris and with one little phrase knocks their self-assurance all to pieces. It just doesn't seem right, somehow, when you think of all their precious efforts to learn the various parlor accomplishments!

The cables announced that Paris had formed its opinion from the most accurate source possible—the screen stars themselves. As practically every screen star makes it a point to go to Europe every year or so, it would seem that Paris has had ample opportunity for observing them. And oh, woe! Oh, disillusionment! That is Paris' verdict!

Charles de Roche, the *French* screen star, who defends *American* movie folk from the attack of his countrymen.

AFTER reading the dispatches once, twice, three times, to be sure there was no mistake about it, the picture colony was of several minds. Some of them tried to laugh it off and said the French statement was simply a case of "sour grapes." Others said the whole charge was absurd and they didn't believe anyone had said such a thing. Still others declared that such a report obviously was made by some irresponsible person who probably had never met a screen celebrity in his life. In fact, he might have made such an accusation *because* he had never met a screen star — a sort of revenge. As for the French members of the movie colony, they hastened to speak up in behalf of their American friends. *Mais non,* they proclaimed, such a charge was not true! Charles de Roche, the French actor, who recently arrived in America, made haste to answer the charge.

"The fact that France patronizes liberally all American - made pictures and throws the city of Paris wide open every time an American star pays it a visit, is evidence enough that the French

(*Continued on page 28*)

Leatrice JOY a One-Man Girl

SAYS

De Sola

Character expert finds *lovely heroine* of films "capable of *long* and *enduring love* for *one man* rather than a *lighter love* for *many*."

By Vincent de Sola

Leatrice Joy

CHARACTER READING: *This face has much gentleness and sympathy in it, and is marked by a very tolerant understanding. It reveals the contradiction of obstinacy and compliance, and shows the presence of caution. It is imaginative and somewhat easily impressed; the nature is capable of much unselfishness, and can be deeply hurt by the carelessness of others. The emotions are in good balance.*

MISS JOY'S typical role is, I believe, that of the wise and patient wife who suffers in silence, and whose devotion regenerates in the end her erring husband. Producers, both of the legitimate theatre and of the screen, are often blamed for casting players because they *look* a type. However unfair and limiting this may be to histrionic ability, there is no doubt that it is a sensible course. No more convincing method could be invented, and in the case of Miss Leatrice Joy this is a clear example.

She embodies, her face tells me, most of those characteristics which she is called upon to portray. Her face is deeply maternal and domestic, capable of long and enduring love for one man rather than a lighter love for many.

There is much gentleness present, and the lips speak clearly of her deep understanding, her tolerance, her readiness to forgive transgressions in another. Her instinctive sympathy for human nature seems deeply grounded, and is mingled with a whimsical humor.

She is a grave but not a sad type. But she is clearly a romanticist, and it may be deduced that she likes to believe herself possessed of a greater fund of sadness than she actually has. While not a *poseur*, her dramatic ability is so definite as to cause her to assume a variety of attitudes which are often illusory.

She has some feminine curiosity. I note in the rounded chin and firm yet flexible lips the contradiction of the person who is at once compliant and obstinate. Compliant she would be to a marked degree where her affections ruled her, but in matters concerning herself alone, she could summon a kind of obstinacy which would be difficult to overcome.

"She would be loyal in the face of any difficulty," says *de Sola* in speaking of *Miss Joy*.

SHE lives by intuition rather than by analysis, and while she is a keen judge of motives, she is by no means a cynical observer. Rather, she is inclined toward a sentimental acceptance of situations and character. It is easy for her to admire others, and to see in them elements which win her quiet affection.

Although she is not a leader, nor an individual of executive or planning abilities, she has a surprisingly large capability in anything delicate or small. There is a love of order in the face, and a tendency to distrust anything that is noisy and raucous or even pompous.

I mark the signs of a quick temper in her, and the ability to be easily irritated. But this temper must appear rarely and prove of short duration, causing her to make up for it by a renewed tenderness. There is nothing vindictive in the nature. Her dramatic abilities, as I have said, are marked, and she has a definite turn for comedy indicated in her face. This, too, is well within the scope of her playing.

The face is sensitive and is marked by the ability to suffer deeply and brood upon a wound. Due to her affectionate nature, she is one who could very easily be wounded by the callousness or bluntness of others, and signs are not wanting that through this she has developed the protective trait of caution in herself.

SHE can be wounded so deeply, I would say, that it is in this that she lives most truly, touches the mainsprings of feeling most really. She is driven, as by a perversity, to inflict such suffering upon herself to a minor degree. Some of the faint spirit of sombreness in the character is due to this.

There is much patience indicated, and great loyalty. She would be loyal in the face of any difficulty. In fact, her loyalty would be heightened by an acid test. She is able to forgive almost anything, even the wounds which she has suffered inarticulately.

Although she is not an aloof nature, she is somewhat reticent and lives most in herself, not caring to reveal the truth of her moods and emotions to others. But she is unselfish in little things as well as big, and this is remarkable in an actress of standing.

She is not introspective, for all that she lives in herself, as I have phrased it, and she is inclined to follow the actions of those who are dear to her with more worry and fear than she regards her own.

She is not particularly bold or aggressive, but in the face of an issue which calls upon her for strength, she seems to be able to whip up a latent courage of remarkable proportions. For the rest, she would require protection as well as to protect.

Her emotions are excellently balanced. She is anxious to please, anxious to charm with quiet-

(*Continued on page 29*)

"The Extra Girl"

A Story of Hollywood

Mabel Normand's latest picture portrays a *small town girl's* adventures in the *movie mecca.*

I.—*Sue* (*Mabel Normand*), *loves Dave* (*Ralph Graves*), but her father (*George Nichols*), tells her she will have to marry *Aaron Applejohn* (*Vernon Dent*), to save the mortgage on the homestead.

II. — But when dressing for the wedding *Sue* learns that she has won a screen beauty contest and runs away to *Hollywood.*

III.—But, arrived in *Hollywood,* she finds that there is a mistake in identity and she did not win the contest. She gets a job in the prop room.

IV.—She meets *Hackett* (*Ramsaye Wallace*), an unscupulous financier, who gives parties for her. In her simplicity, she does not realize his true character.

V.—So when he calls on her parents, who have followed her to *Hollywood,* she urges them to invest their savings in the stock he tells them about. Of course he steals their money.

VI.—But *Dave,* who has also come to *Hollywood,* learns of *Hackett's* duplicity, beats him up and they recover the money. So *Sue* and *Dave* are married and go back to their home town where they belong.

CATTLE RUSTLERS!

The third compelling instalment of *"The Virginian,"* in which two old friends drift apart. Fictionized from the *Preferred Pictures'* screen version of *Owen Wister's* famous novel and *Kirke LaShelle's* play

By Charles Warnerby

The action thus far:

A new school ma'am is on her way to Medicine Bow. The Virginian and his cowpuncher friend, Steve, round up their steers and go to town to meet her. They arrive at the river as the stage in which she is traveling begins to ford the stream. Old Bill, the driver, is drunk and the stage is careening dangerously. They ride into the river and take her from the stalled stage. Her name, the Virginian learns, is Mollie Woods.

Following the rescue of the new school ma'am from the river by the Virginian, a dance is given at Judge Henry's house in her honor. The neighbors for miles around attend and matters are enlivened by the Virginian and Steve mixing up the babies. When Mollie Woods learns this, she denounces the Virginian. For answer, he calmly tells her that he loves her and that he is going to make her love him.

THE Virginian, upon delivering his ultimatum to Mollie Woods, found his horse where he had left him, and, swinging into the saddle, rode slowly out of Medicine Bow. He was depressed a little by the turn affairs had taken and regretted his foolery of the night before, when he had brought consternation to several mothers' hearts by the substitution of other infants for their own. It was a man's joke, he concluded dismally, and one which it was expecting a little too much of a woman to understand.

"Women," mused the Virginian dolefully, "have no sense o' humor. Everything's a tragedy for them—except breakin' men's hearts, and that's comedy. Well, I guess I kin stand it."

He loped along on his spirited pony, unmindful of the glory of sky and hills that lay about him. The sky, a huge turquoise saucer, held little streamers of white, fleece-like clouds that seemed infinitely high in the heavens and infinitely fragile. The hills against the north, where the rugged range formed the sky line, were dun-colored in the Wyoming midday sun, changing as the day wore on to the dullest of slate. Later, when the sun had dropped like a great ball of fire behind the rim of the western horizon, the hills would turn purple, and then, as night came down, to black.

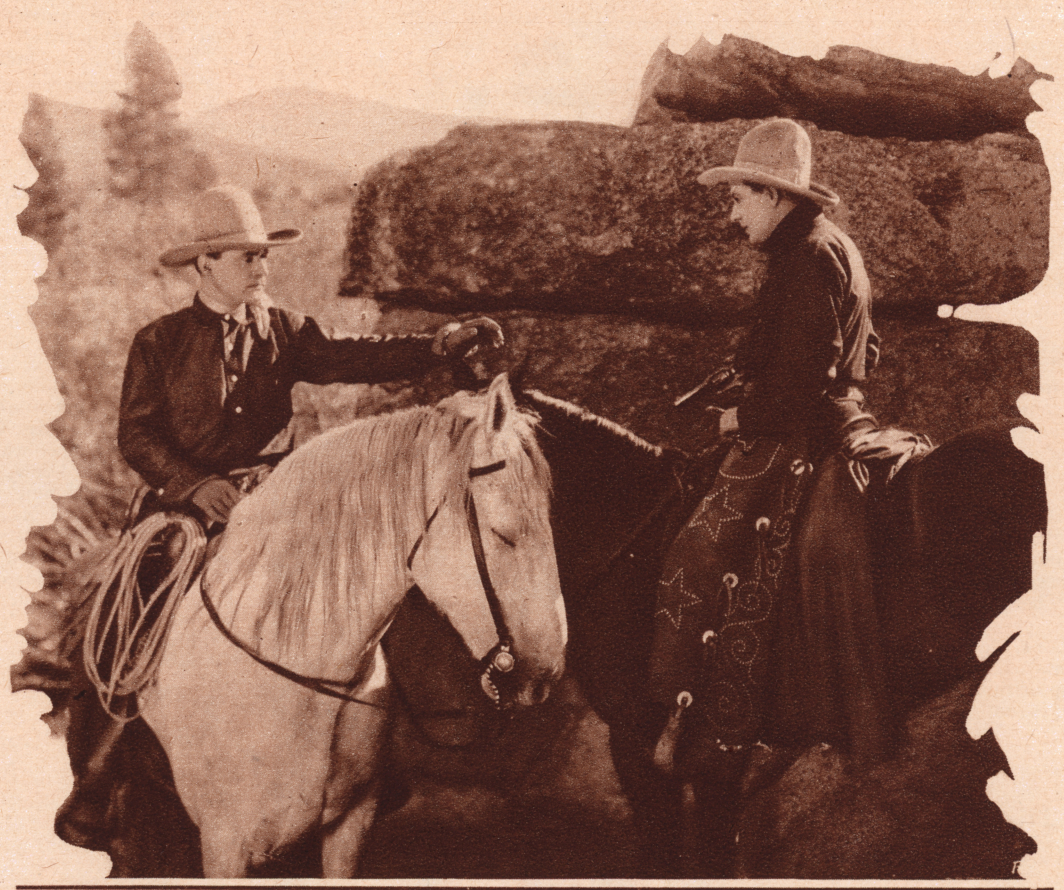
The marvels of coloring that stretched away on all sides received but scant attention from the Virginian, however, as he cantered along, thinking of the young woman he had so recently left. It was the first time in his life that a pretty girl had upbraided him angrily and only in the thought that the punishment did not quite entirely fit the crime was he able to console himself and feel that he was still fit for the society of decent people.

"It's all right," he thought gloomily. "She may hate me now, but the time'll come when she'll love me—just as I love her."

THE confidence, however, with which he told himself this was not quite comparable to that with which he had replied to her severe reprimand ot a half hour back. Then, he had told her with the greatest of calm assurance that he loved her and would make her love him. He wondered now if he had made a mistake in so doing.

"Will it make her hate me?" he questioned.

In the distance, a horse and a rider appeared above the horizon, swinging in a direction that would bring them within a mile of the line the Virginian followed.



***The Virginian* came face to face with a man on horseback.**

A plainsman at heart, the Virginian studied the horseman's movements, vaguely aware, even at this great distance, that there was something familiar about the rider. An interval of ten minutes followed in which the man and horse drew closer and the Virginian could see that the speed traveled by the latter was all that horseflesh could stand.

"He!" he exclaimed finally, as a thought hit him. "Blamed if it isn't Trampas!"

The Virginian's mouth, as he said the words, squared in a look of iron severity, as though the sight of the other, still only a vague figure in the distance, evoked strange distaste within him. They had clashed once, the Virginian and Trampas, with bloodshed only averted by the circumstances attending the occurrence. In a card game, the latter had called the Virginian a vile name, and the Virginian had checked him with a glacial gleam in his clear, grey eyes. "When you say that—smile," he had murmured softly, and Trampas had wilted. For the hand of the Virginian that had fallen to his waist rested lightly on the butt of a Colt .45.

The tension broken with a mumbled apology from Trampas, the game had resumed, but the latter had never forgotten. Neither, for that matter, had the Virginian, who felt an aversion to Trampas for the man's naturally truculent demeanor and the air he imparted of doing things that were underhand.

The friendship of Steve for Trampas had caused the Virginian considerable anxious thought. The tall Southerner liked Steve—liked him better than any other living man, and he didn't want to see him falling into bad company, and "bad company," the Virginian thought, Trampas certainly was.

Now, as he saw him riding in the distance, he renewed his association with the man, and a vague thought assailed him that the latter could not be up to good of any kind.

"Some sort of mischief," he concluded, as he saw the latter's horse beating up a little cloud of dust after each pounding blow of its hoofs.

As though the distant rider had suddenly recognized the Virginian in the distance, the course of the steed was suddenly changed, swinging back to the general direction of Medicine Bow, from which the southern cowpuncher had just come.

"Funny," mused the latter, watching the manoeuvres of the distant rider and trying to fathom, in a country of simple definite purposes, the reason for the sudden change in direction. If Trampas was going toward the foothills, why did he suddenly change and travel in the direction of Medicine Bow? Things in Wyoming were not done that way and Trampas, the Virginian concluded, knew it.

SLOWLY, with a purpose in view, the Virginian altered his course slightly, bearing in the general direction that Trampas had originally been taking. It was worth while going a little out of his way, the Virginian thought, just to see what effect the action would have, if any, upon the distant rider.

But Trampas and his horse had vanished behind a clump of cottonwoods, so that the Virginian and he were lost to each other's view.

"Maybe he's waitin'," the Southerner remarked, "until I'm out o' sight. Guess I'll keep goin' this way—just anyway."

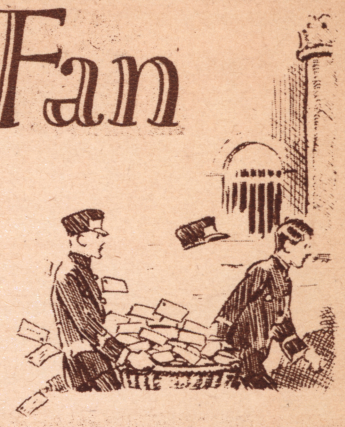
The memory of the cattle that Judge Henry had missed lately was obscurely in the Virginian's mind as he entered the first of the foothills and brought his horse down to a walk. It was to such a country, the plainsman knew, that cattle rustlers invariably repaired with stolen stock where the

(*Continued on page* 31)

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Screen Star Would You Like to Marry?

If you were allowed to choose a mate from all the host of movie stars, which one would you select—and why? For the best letter on this subject we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.



This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

The morality or immorality of a picture is quite often dependent upon the observer's viewpoint. We mortals view motion pictures through such widely different perspectives that it is little wonder some condemn a certain film as shockingly immoral, while others term it a masterly production.

If this is not true, then why do state censors of a certain state certify a particular picture as being highly moral and uplifting when a sister state adjudges the same production vicious and demoralizing? People differ, minds differ, tastes differ. Some love the commonplace, others crave the bizarre, while not a few clamor for sensational and risque motion pictures.

To a broad-minded, impartial censor, but few pictures would really be branded as immoral. Many might be offensive to religious creeds, or be race-prejudicial, or prove insidious propaganda, and still not be immoral. To be immoral a film must be inherently bad and vicious, and very few American producers would jeopardize their reputations by producing such pictures.

CLAIR C. COOK.

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Immorality Depends on One's Point of View

Of the photoplays I have seen within the last few years, I can truthfully say in my estimation there was nothing immoral about them. Probably "Foolish Wives" came nearest to being classed as immoral, because it rambled along for apparently no reason other than to shriek, "We'd like to go the limit if we could and we are going as far as we dare!"

A friend of mine, after seeing "Trifling Women," declared it was frightfully lewd. Later I saw it, and in my opinion, with the exception of the Richard Barthelmess productions, it was the finest picture since "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

So I guess it all depends on the individual's idea of what immorality consists of, and as the board of censors itself is made up of minds thus assorted, I believe that censorship is not a benefit but a blight.

ALTHEA THORNTON.

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And Everyone Did His Parlor Tricks

It was during a benefit performance, given by the Essanay Film Co. several years ago at the Green Mill Gardens, that I had the pleasure of shaking my graceful number tens before a large audience of film favorites, which included Charlie Chaplin, Bryant Washburn, Beverly Bayne, Francis X. Bushman, Ruth Stonehouse, Wallace Beery, Charles Ogle and Maurice Costello—who were all very popular at that time—and several others of less importance.

Ruth Stonehouse did a barefoot dance, and Charlie's two shoes full of feet did their stunt, and a good time was had by all.

And, folks, I do not hesitate to admit that it sure is a grand and glorious feelin' to wake up and find yourself galavantin' around amongst a crowd of noted celebrities.

MRS. A. J. BECKER.

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Thrilled by Barbara La Marr

The most thrilling experience of my life happened during the week that the most exotic of screen sirens, Barbara La Marr, spent in this city as queen of the Southwest Automobile Show.

On the day of her arrival, the railway station was thronged with people eager for a glimpse of this famous beauty, and, when she arrived, they were more than repaid for their long wait, for she is, if it is possible, more beautiful off than on the screen.

The next evening of the day she assumed her duties as queen, I, of course, attended the show for another glimpse of "my adored Barbara," but without the remotest idea that I would have an

When *Russell Griffin, C. C. Burr's* six-year-old star, goes in for his daily exercises, you have to give him elbow room.

opportunity of getting within ten feet of her. Perhaps it was the look of longing in my eyes, I can attribute it to nothing else, that caused one of the managers of the show, with whom Miss La Marr was conversing, to offer to introduce me. Of course, I accepted his offer, and then—well, you can imagine the thrills I experienced when the one and only Barbara extended her small, perfectly formed, olive tinted hand, with its almond shaped nails, and then spoke to me. Her voice is soft, and has just a trace of an accent.

Oh, all of you La Marr fans, if you could only see your favorite in person! With hair as black as the raven's wing, blue-green eyes, and a satiny olive complexion, she is a sight to make even Cleopatra slink away in dismay to have her face made over. All in all, I think that she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and I am still thrilled over that brief meeting, even if it did happen several months ago.

JUAN CARROLL WALLACE.

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Meeting Lew Cody in Person

In Tacoma, Lew Cody appeared in person at "The Colonial" I was a high school girl living with my grandmother. Grandmother did not approve of the movies, particularly of "vamps" and "lounge lizards." She considered Lew Cody a "lost soul"; an "ambassador of Satan."

An ad appeared in *The Tacoma Times*. Mr. Cody wanted a girl assistant for the sketch he was putting on. I had always adored Mr. Cody from afar. Secretly, I "dolled-up" in my Sunday pink organdy and went to the stage door. There were fifty girls already there. I grew positively dizzy when Mr. Cody approached. He is much handsomer than his pictures. His eyes are magnetic. His hands are the hands of an artist or surgeon. Imagine the thrill I received when he selceted me as his partner for the act. He gave me a few sentences to memorize. We rehearsed. There is nothing of the male flirt about the real Mr. Cody. He was "big-brotherly," kind and patient, unbelievably good-looking, and a courteous, refined gentleman. That night, *"our"* sketch was applauded wildly. Mr. Cody refused to "hog" the curtain calls. My, wasn't I proud? Then, suddenly, in the third row, I saw *Grandma!* Her face was positively shining with pleasure and interest! Her gaze followed Mr. Cody everywhere. Believe me, I received no scolding. Instead, Grandma asked to be introduced to Mr. Cody. I think she fell in love with him on sight, for (will you believe it?) a large, autographed photo of Mr. Cody is now standing on the table right beside the Family Bible!

MRS. PAUL MURDOCH.

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They Were "Bumped" by Doug and Mary

Chicago was selected as the first city to see "Robin Hood," at Cohen's Grand Opera House. Weeks ahead it was advertised that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford would be there in person. Well, I was very much excited and begged my husband to take me. He tried every way to get two seats a week ahead, but the house was sold out. I had almost given up hope when an hour before the performance we were lucky to get two seats at $3.85 apiece. We had seats in the very last row on the Main Floor, and everyone had to pass by in back of us to get to the boxes. I was just beginning to think I had a poor chance of seeing anything so far back, when everyone in the theatre stood up and started to cheer. I looked around and there were Mary and Doug right in back of me within reach, and standing still.

During the showing of the picture someone walked by us and bumped into my husband's arm and knocked it down. Well, we both looked around to see who the rude person was and our faces softened when Douglas Fairbanks said very sweetly, "I beg your pardon." Well, I'll tell the world we did, and I said, "It is worth the $3.85 a seat to have Doug bump into us." What do you think?

VIRGINIA SULLIVAN.

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

The Gossips Have Alice Lake Engaged

It looks now as though there were going to be another romance in Hollywood. This time it is between Jack Osterman, Orpheum headliner, now heading for picturedom, and Alice Lake. The two are seen together frequently.

Alice admits she likes the handsome young actor very much, but declares there is no engagement. However, they always say that! Jack merely looks admiringly at Alice and keeps mum.

But they are winning a lot of dancing cups at the Ambassador and at Sunset, and neither ever seems to dance with anybody else.

So you never can tell—

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Kosloff Has Them All Dancing

If the motion picture stars of Hollywood don't get their souls full of culture this summer, it isn't going to be the fault either of themselves or of Theodore Kosloff. They are nearly all, to an actress, studying classic dancing with that versatile genius, at his school in Los Angeles.

Mary Pickford lately discovered a need for additional pantomimic expression, and has taken up toe dancing in her spare time, perhaps as a sort of change from her high brow studies, including languages and philosophy.

Lila Lee, Leatrice Joy, Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Mildred Harris, Ruth Stonehouse, Mme. Nazimova, Lois Wilson, Jackie Saunders, and a dozen others are all learning one-two-kick, one-two-three-kick!

Then there are some screen-in-laws, as you might call them. Marilynn Miller, star of "Sally," and wife of Jack Pickford, has been studying all summer, except when she was laid up for a couple of weeks with a bad knee.

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Cigarettes to Match Gowns

If you haven't cigarettes to match your gowns, you simply aren't in it, these days. Anyhow that's what Arline Pretty says. She has the news straight from Paris.

And she has the cigarettes from Larry Semon. Miss Pretty has never smoked, but who could resist a puff or two at a pink-tinted cigarette exactly the color of your dress? Miss Pretty showed me her gold-tipped cigarettes, in dainty colors of pink, blue, pale green, gray and beige.

But, oh, horrors, just supposing she should get out of some colors, and have to smoke a red cigarette with a yellow gown!

Agnes Ayres shows us how dressy she can be—she wears yards and yards of dress. PARAMOUNT

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Now Baby Peggy Is a Millionairess

So Baby Peggy is landing a big $1,000,000 contract also! Jackie Coogan needn't think he is the only pebble on the beach.

The new contract is with Sol. Lesser, who also signed Jackie to his first contract. He means to find the best obtainable stories for this remarkable little girl, who is only three years old now.

"What do you mean to do with all that money?" I asked the tot.

"Oh, buy mama a house and automobile and myself a million dolls."

Lucky Baby Peggy!

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One Guy Among the Geysers

From Lew Cody comes word, and a picture card to prove it, that he is working up among the geysers in Yellowstone Park, in the new Rupert Hughes picture for Goldwyn.

"Very interesting here, but dangerous work around these geysers," writes Lew.

And he isn't guying us either!

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Priscilla Dean to Leave Universal

Priscilla Dean is to leave Universal. This is finally settled, and her new contract will be signed in a short time. It will be made with one of two big firms now bidding for her services.

Miss Dean has been with Universal ever since she commenced her career, some seven years ago. Her value has been steadily rising.

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Conway Tearle Becomes Attached to Hollywood

He ounght to be made a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and Historical Society, ought Conway Tearle. Mr. Tearle has announced his unswerving and inalienable loyalty to the west by buying a lot of real estate, building a home, and, last and most important, importing his wife, known professionally as Adele Rowland, to Los Angeles.

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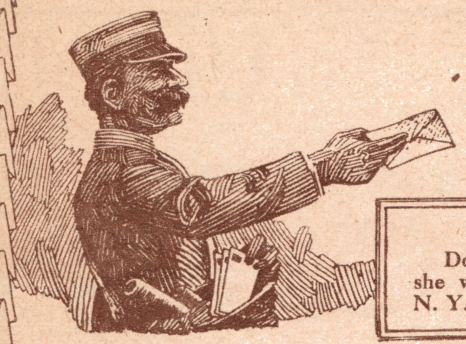
But They Didn't Make Up!

Pola Negri no sooner returned home from the Grand Canyon, than she felt the wanderlust seize her again. She went over to Catalina Island. Charlie Chaplin was there too. There were no casualties.



Dancer Wants To Kiss Malcolm MacGregor

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

THE DANCER JANNIE—So you would like to kiss Malcolm MacGregor? Well, perhaps he might not object, but I'm afraid his wife would. He has been married several years and has a little daughter. He is twenty-six. It was really thoughtless of Rudolph Valentino to get married without your consent, when you had Lila Lee all picked out for him, but probably both he and Lila are just modern enough to want to handle their own matrimonial affairs. Pola Negri has black hair and eyes.

MARY ANASTASIA—Am I getting paid? You bet your life, but not enough! But then perhaps I want too much. Anne Cornwall is the little girl you mention in "Only 38." She is cute, isn't she? Yes, Gloria Swanson is American, born in Chicago. I believe she is of Swedish descent. Alice Terry is twenty-seven and Rex Ingram is thirty-one.

PERCIVAL HAWKINS ALBRIGHT—So you'd like to "sock the guys who want to marry Pauline Garon!" Poor Pauline, do you want her to be an old maid? No, Billie Dove isn't married. She is only twenty. If there are any movie stars playing on the burlesque circuit they certainly keep quiet about it.

SALLY AND IKIE—Really, I should think you'd run out of stationery, at the rate you write letters. Craig Biddle isn't married. I believe he is about twenty-two. William Haines is also about that age and unmarried. Creighton Hale doesn't give his age. He was born in Ireland.

KITTY—Sorry not to be obliging, Kitty, but you ask me the one kind of questions I can't answer—the screen star's religions. Some of them don't care to make their religious beliefs public. Buddy Messenger's address is Universal City, Cal. Write to Shirley Mason at the Fox Studio, 55th St. and 10th Ave., New York. Norma Talmadge's address is 1540 Broadway, New York. You can send your scenario to any of the companies whose addresses are given here and there on this page.

CLEOPATRA TUT — So you like me, even if I am not the type of Rudolph or Ramon. Well, that's good of you. Really, it would be a bit hard on the rest of us if we had to get off the earth or something just because we couldn't look like a movie idol. Marion Mack played the title role in "Mary of the Movies." Theodore Kosloff is in his forties. No, Marguerite Clarke is not dead; she was married a few years ago and retired from the screen as soon as her contract was finished.

I. M. CUCKOO—Do you live in a clock, or merely wear clocked hose? Irma Harrison played the maid in "One Exciting Night." If Betty Jewel played in that, her part was very small. She is not even listed in the cast. Is Anna Q. Nilsson related, you ask. Related to what? Don't you start talking about relativity; the subject is too deep for me. No, Ramon Novarro is not married. As for me—well, I'm not going to commit myself. Too many proposals would be most embarrassing.

Any picture bearing the title, *"His Children's Children,"* is bound to have a lot of children in it. *Edwin Mills* and *Helen Rowland* are two of them.

BETTY DARLING—You make me blush under all my whiskers when I call you a name like that. But at least, one could be called worse names than that. No, I don't feel proud at what information I have about screen stars. You probably know just as much about some other subject. Anybody can learn a lot about his special work. Ricardo Cortez is so new to the screen that I don't yet know all about him. He is about twenty-five and about five feet eight.

U. NO ME—Well, I didn't know you, but I will from now on. No, Lillian Gish has never been married. Dorothy has not made any pictures since "The Bright Shawl," but will soon begin work on "Romola" in which she and Lillian will both appear. It is to be made abroad. The Talmadge girls are Americans. Mae Murray's lastest picture is "The French Doll," to be followed by "Fashion Row."

E. F. L.—If answering questions is a kindness, then I should get some kind of medal for that commodity. Myrta Bonillas played opposite William Farnum in "Shackles of Gold." Ethel in "The Bachelor Daddy" was played by Maude Wayne.

ROCKCLIFFE FAN—I see you're fond of the three r's—Rockcliffe Fellows, Richard Dix and Reginald Denny. It was Reginald who played the title role in the "Fighting Blood" series. Write him at 780 Gower St., Los Angeles. He is married to Irene Haisman, who played with Dorothy Phillips in "Slander the Woman." Rockcliffe's wife is Lucille Watson, a very clever stage actress. His address is Nautilus Place, New Rochelle, New York.

BETTY BROWN—Yes, Monte Blue is entirely well; he has been playing in "Cap'n Dan." Write him at office of Allied Producers, 729 7th Ave., New York. Mary Pickford lives at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal.

FULL O' PRUNES—If I ever come to Montreal, don't forget you, you urge. You bet I won't. I'll never forget anyone I know in Montreal. They don't have prohibition there—I can't forget that, either. Agnes Ayres is working in "The Ten Commandments," and Leatrice Joy in "Triumph." Ruth Roland is now busy on "Haunted Valley." There is no chance of her playing in the same picture with Glenn Hunter as they work for different companies. I don't know how Kenneth Harlan is about his fan mail, but there is no harm in writing him.

SAUCY BABY—Saucy for the goosey, or for the gander? Vivian Martin is soon to be seen in new stage play on Broadway. She seems to have left the movies. Kenneth Harlan is divorced from Flo Hart. He is twenty-eight. Richard Dix has never been married. He is twenty-nine. Mae Busch doesn't give her age. She is five feet five and has black hair with grey eyes.

FRANKLIN—I only need one guess to tell you why your letter to Frank Mayo came back from the address you sent it to—Frank has moved! Write him care Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

BIRDIE—Well, I musn't let the cat out of the bag when you're around, must I? You shouldn't feel disappointed because you didn't see your answer within a month, because you never will. It takes that long for the magazine to get written, printed, and distributed all over the country, and besides that I have a long waiting list of letters requiring answers in the magazine. Constance Talmadge is five feet five and weighs 120. Write her for her picture at 1540 Broadway, New York. I think she will send it free. Gertrude Astor is five feet seven and Lila Lee five three. Pauline Garon has only ben playing on the screen for two years, so I think in view of her remarkable progress so far she is quite likely to be a star some day.

BLUE EYES—At least you seem to be impartial when it comes to men stars, judging by the number you ask about. Rudolph Valentino is twenty-eight, Gaston Glass about the same. Jack Mulhall doesn't give his age. Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynne and Thomas Meighan to Frances Ring. Ramon Novarro is just completing "Scaramouche." He is twenty-four.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

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CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Rex Ingram likes to reminisce about the days when he studied fine arts at Yale and was quite a painter and sculptor. And among his stories of those days is the one about an artist acquaintance of his who was forever boasting of his own paintings.

Mr. Ingram, never having seen any of the paintings in question, was quite curious about them and paid a call to the other's studio to see some of his work. Great was his surprise to see the studio entirely devoid of any paintings whatever.

Nevertheless, the artist pointed to a piece of bare canvas and asked Mr. Ingram how he liked it. "It's my masterpiece!" he declared.

"But what does it represent?" Rex asked in bewilderment.

"It represents the passage of the Israelites through the Black Sea," the painter explained. "You can't see the sea, because it's been driven back. You can't see the Israelites because they have already crossed over. And you can't see the Egyptians because they haven't arrived yet. It's a perfect painting!"

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Norma Talmadge hasn't a bit of Scotch blood, but she loves a bargain just the same. And the other day when she went shopping and saw a lot of women milling about the hat counter, she was as eager as any of them.

"What's all this riot about?" she asked the clerk, and he informed her that there was a sale of real French models for a dollar apiece.

Norma pushed her way through the melee and when she was next seen she had fifteen $1.00 hats firmly clutched in her two hands.

You can't subdue a woman's instinct for bargains!

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Marjorie Daw has always been known as the gentlest of young ladies, so when her brand new husband, Eddie Sutherland, appeared recently with a broken wrist, there was great surprise, speculation, and even more kidding.

In fact, the village wise-crackers just simply wouldn't let up on poor Eddie. They wanted to know how he got that way and didn't Marjorie have a good aim, though!, and all the customary taunts that village wise-crackers can think of.

But Eddie wouldn't let them get the best of him. A few days later, he appeared with handsomely engraved cards which he solemnly distributed.

"Whether you believe it or not, I broke my wrist last Sunday playing second base on the studio ball team."

(Signed)
EDDIE SUTHERLAND.

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Mae Murray was slightly surprised and chagrined when a motorcycle cop stopped her the other day as she was driving her brand new car; chagrined because—well, anybody is chagrined when a motorcycle cop gets into action—and surprised, because she wasn't speeding and didn't see why she should be stopped.

But the cop soon explained. He had just handed a summons to a woman driving along at a great pace and the woman's excuse was that Mae Murray was in front of her and she was trying to catch up so she could see how her hat was trimmed.

The kindly cop thought that was a perfectly natural womanly wish, so he dashed after Miss Murray and asked her to please stop and oblige. And the speeder got her wish, even if she did get arrested doing it.

The Reel Dope

Glenn Hunter broke all records for continuous work on stage and screen when he put in the entire twenty-four hours one day recently. He left his home at six o'clock in the morning for a location at Flushing, Long Island, where he was kept busy all day making scenes for "West of the Water Tower." He had just time to get back to New York to the Cort Theatre in time for his performance in "Merton of the Movies" that evening.

After the theatre he motored to Douglaston, Long Island, where night scenes were filmed for the picture. When Rollin Sturgeon, the director of the picture, called it a day, it was sun-up. Hunter reached his apartment at exactly six o'clock in the morning.

Who said actors have an easy life?

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A brand new difficulty came up in the filming of "To the Last Man," which Victor Fleming is filming for Paramount — how to "make up" a horse!

They were on location in the Tonto Basin, Arizona, miles away from civilization when a white-faced horse became ill. He was playing a stellar role in the picture and it was most important that another be secured to take his place. But unfortunately a double had not been provided and there was not another white-faced horse to be found.

Finally, the difficulty was overcome by Bob, the property man, who applied a little whitewash to the forehead of another horse. Mr. Fleming was delighted with the result.

And now Bob is wondering whether, perhaps, he shouldn't specialize from now on in horsial make-up. The next Western picture he works on, he declares, he's going to make all the bay horses into pintos.

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"Now filming, 'Black Oxen,' with Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle. A Frank Lloyd Production. A Society Drama."

So reads a sign on the door of the Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc., offices in Hollywood, which Mr. Lloyd was forced to put up in self-defense.

For, it seems, the moment the report got around that "Black Oxen" was being filmed, more than fifty people wrote, phoned, or called regarding the employment of black oxen cows!

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It is a little hobby of Ben Turpin's to act as traffic cop, sometimes, at Santa Monica and Sunset Blvds., near his home in Hollywood. And one evening recently, about dusk, Ben was doing his bit when a big limousine ignored his signal and dashed, in all its imposing dignity, right through the cross traffic.

Ben blew his whistle. The driver, one of the best known financiers in Los Angeles, stopped and glared at him belligerently.

"Say," he bellowed explosively, "I guess you don't know who I am!"

"Why, no," Ben admitted, "I don't."

"Well, I'm Mr. Blank!" the capitalist shouted, with a "try - and - laugh - that - off" expression.

Ben smiled amiably. "So glad to know you," he said, extending his hand. "My name's Turpin. Now get back in line where you belong."

The way this actor has to carry on in *"The Light That Failed,"* it's a good thing *Jacqueline Logan* isn't a two hundred pounder.

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It took only two weeks for Paris to get two centuries older, according to the way movie prop men count time. For the huge eighteenth century Paris sets of "Scaramouche" suddenly were transformed into twentieth century Paris sets for Viola Dana's new picture, "In Search of a Thrill."

The settings are most elaborate, covering three acres of ground which represent two streets of the Montrouge district of Paris, unofficial headquarters of the Apaches and the Parisian underworld.

"The only difference between the real Montrouge and its reproduction here," declared Oscar Apfel, the director, "is the distance between them."

She Found a Better Way to Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet, exercise or unpleasant greases and salves. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

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613 Garfield Bldg., Detroit Mich.

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American Movie Actors Have Bad Manners

(*Continued from page 19*)

admire the pictures and respect the players."

Though, when you come down to the point, that argument isn't so staunch as it might be. You might love to see Mr. Blankety-Blank in such and such a picture, but that wouldn't change the fact that he ate with his knife. And Miss Vere de Vere, who presents such a stunning appearance—who can tell what terrible grammar might issue from those ten thousand dollar lips!

Doug Fairbanks, who, with his wife, Mary Pickford, has paid France many a visit, is certain that the dispatch quoted has no bearing on real French opinion. "Mary and I met too many delightful people and were too enthusiastically received to think there was anything authentic about such a report."

And Kenneth Harlan, hero of "The Virginian," has much the same idea. "I have met too many French people both on the stage and screen to believe the criticism emanates from a responsible source."

Andree Lafayette of "Trilby" fame, who recently came from France, declares that our stars have wonderful manners. "I have found the American stars wonderfully kind and polite, and know no one of my countrymen could have said the things attributed to them."

In fact, quite a little howl of protest issued from the studios of Hollywood. And you can't blame the stars, of course, for wanting to find out who really said such a dastardly thing about their manners—and why.

But Director Tom Forman seems to have found the solution. When Mr. Forman heard of the report he scratched his head for a moment in bewilderment. Then suddenly light broke.

"I wonder," he said—"was Bull Montana ever in Paris?"

I Love to Ask My Husband for Money

(*Continued from page 7*)

the idea of a clinging vine. Anyway, I thought I did. But I'll tell you something: I think there's something of the clinging vine in every woman if she can only find the right kind of a sturdy oak to cling to, but you know so few oaks nowadays seem much sturdier than the vines. It is such a safe feeling to have a wonderful husband.

"John and I are going to build a house in December. I have been thinking it over, and John and I agree exactly about it. Every time I change my mind about some part of the plans, John will say, 'Why, that's just what I had been thinking myself.' One thing we're definitely decided on: the house is to be built in the Spanish style of architecture."

Don't they ever quarrel, I asked Colleen.

"Oh, we used to have tiffs before we were married, but we haven't had a single one since. Do you know, already our engagement days seem so long ago. A friend of ours made us go and see 'The First Fifty Years' while we were engaged—you know, that play showing how two married people drifted gradually apart? Now all we have to do if a tiff seems brewing is to say, 'The First Fifty Years,' and we both apologize all over the place.

"You see, I think I inherit the luck of married happiness. My own father and mother have always been ideally happy.

"Yes. John is a little bit moody, like all Irishmen; but I like him that way. I love to kid him out of his moods.

"We went together two years. No, I don't know just when he proposed—he always seemed so near doing it, right from the first. I met John at a party at Sunset Inn. Cupid Marshall Neilan gave us a party and introduced us. He thought we would like each other. He is always doing nice things like that, is Micky. I had heard a lot about John, and he had seen me on the screen. I never quite found out whether Micky thought of it himself, or whether John put him up to it. They're both Irish, and neither will tell me just how it all began. Certainly Micky was clever. He didn't tell me he had found a husband for me, or anything like that; I should have had my ears back at once."

And it seems that John had a wonderful line of wooing. No wonder the Irish win!

"John says," Colleen explained, "'we came together like two postage stamps in a pocket—never met each other before—but decided to stick to each other!'

"That first night that we met, he told me that he was crazy about me. I thought, 'Uh-huh! That's what they always tell picture actresses!' I said to John, 'Well, call me up in the morning and tell me that!' Sure enough, at seven o'clock the telephone rang. I hopped out of bed to answer it. It was John. He said, 'I love you!' At nine o'clock he called again and said, 'I love you!' Why, he surprised me so I couldn't answer back. At ten o'clock he sent me flowers; at five he sent me a telegram; at seven in the evening I got a box of candy.

"AFTER that, he would have days when he would keep sending me things all day long. On my birthday he sent a line of telegrams. One boy arrived at eight in the morning with the message, 'Roses are red,' another boy came at nine with a telegram, 'Violets are blue,' another later came along, 'Sugar is sweet,' and, of course, another had to finish with, 'So are you!' In the afternoon, one present after another kept arriving. It was his system to keep me thinking about him.

"I asked him one day to give me his picture. He cut one out of a paper, then he pasted on it an all-day sucker together with a picture of me, with him handing me the candy, and the inscription, 'If this isn't devotion, I don't know what is!'

"We are always looking for the jokes in life. That's one reason I hope our love will be lasting. You see, I want to love John for keeps!"

Movie News Tid-Bits

Ben Alexander, hero of "Penrod and Sam," is to be starred by First National. His first production will be called "Jealous Fools."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Alec B. Francis, well-remembered for his work in "Earthbound" and "Three Wise Fools," has signed two contracts. One is with Warner Brothers, for whom he will play in support of John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel." The other is with Mrs. Elizabeth Maitland, whom he met in New York seven years ago and whom he is soon to marry in Los Angeles.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"The Covered Wagon" has hit London. John C. Flinn, representing Paramount, brought a boatload of Indians with him to England. Their advent in London was heralded by the following ad in the metropolitan newspapers:

£1 reward will be paid to the first person whose suggestion leads to the securing of a suitable camping ground within easy automobile access to the London Pavilion for the accommodation of from 20 to 40 Covered Wagon North American Indians now on the high seas and due to arrive in Liverpool on the steamer Baltic next Saturday. The good behaviour of these Indians, who are coming from the Araphahoe Indian Reservation, Wind River, Wyoming, U. S. A., is assured by United States Government's unique permission to leave America. They are traveling and will be under the supervision of a U. S. Army officer. Suggestions may be addressed to Gilbert Miller, c-o The Covered Wagon, London Pavilion, S. W.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Girls with movie ambitions will be interested to learn that Samuel Goldwyn is going to build a studio on the west side of New York in the vicinity of 50th Street. Here, in just a few short months, will be opened another avenue to screen fame via the route of the extra girl.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

England, we hear, is anxious to stop the invasion of American-made films, claiming that its own product is suffering thereby. The English people, it seems, prefer the American movies to their own.

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The Ku Klux Klan Makes a Movie

(Continued from page 5)

never made any tremendous success. Perhaps the only exception to this rule is the famous "Soul of Armenia," a film which portrayed the horrors through which the Armenians went during the Turkish massacres.

The Ku Klux Klan, however, will be supported by may of its enemies in case it meets with opposition in the presentation of this picture. The Liberty League, a New York organization which hitherto has rallied to the support of radicals who were arrested for alleged traitorous statements, has taken the stand that that clause of the Constitution which guarantees free speech should be interpreted in its broadest sense. For that reason they have written to the Ku Klux Klan, assuring the Klan of their support, however much they may disagree from it in principle.

So the coming of "The Toll of Justice" to the screens of the country promises to make history for motion pictures, and incidentally to provide good reading matter for the general public.

What Love Means To Me

(Continued from page 3)

lifting of one's life from the plane of every day living to a level of almost sublime joy."

When Lillian has told you this interpretation of the character she plays in "The White Sister," you begin to understand why she was able to give so realistic and so finely restrained a portrait of the Italian heroine of the tale. She had taken that character to her own heart and before giving screen life to Angela had thoroughly understood her. So, when you see "The White Sister," recall that behind the mask of Lillian Gish's face beats the heart of a girl who held honor higher than anything else in the world, higher even than love.

Leatrice Joy Face Analysis

(Continued from page 21)

ness, but she is fundamentally modest. She has sentiment without being sentimental. She can be witty in a quiet way among the friends who understand her.

These qualities her face would seem to possess, and in this character with its overtones of tenderness and gentleness, its ability to sacrifice greatly and suffer deeply, the films have a note that they could ill afford to do without.

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

Who Is the Greatest Actress of the Screen?

(Continued from page 7)

of course, is inclusive. She brings great charm to the screen, the greatest sheer charm in the world. But she shouldn't attempt the realm of tragedy in pictures. That is not her 'metier,' just as simplicity is not Pola's. 'Rosita' is a marvelously done picture, like a jewel, exquisite, but in the role Mary is beyond her depth. She doesn't convince. With no disrespect to Mr. Lubitsch, whom I admire enormously, he has tried to make a Pola of Mary, and it can't be done.' Mary should be directed by Micky Neilan, for instance, with his rollicking, Irish humor and his exquisite, light touches. Mary shouldn't forsake sheer charm for dark drama. It isn't her line."

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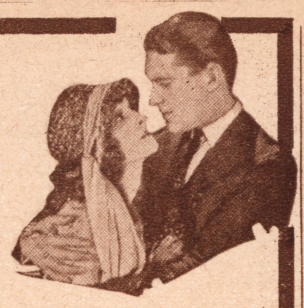

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The Girl and the Ghost

(*Continued from page 5*)

live useless and empty lives, Mr. Rabstitch. I have a plan."

"Rabinowitz," he corrected, gravely. "What is your plan?"

Hetty dimpled at him demurely and told him she would never, never tell that—yet. Rabinowitz studied her appraisingly. All sorts of conjectures passed through his mind.

"You are of legal age?" he asked her. "You can buy that place without asking your father?"

"Dear me, yes!"

"Aha! I'm afraid it wouldn't do, Miss Delton. Too much money. The place ain't worth it, but that young fellow, Bobby Culberson, is getting to be what you call a profiteer. He wants feefty thousand dollars for that house."

Hetty stared at him so disconcertingly that he spread wide his hands in an apologetic gesture and started to explain that property everywhere was high. But Hetty said something just then that choked him into silence.

"I will pay one hundred thousand dollars for that place," she said calmly.

Silence. An apoplectic quiet, with heaving of Mr. Rabinowitz's breath and rolling of same gentleman's eyes.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" he echoed. "Oi-oi, yoi!"

All of the accumulated racial caution of a thousand ancestors crumbled; all the acquired battlements of business acumen and shrewdness fell before those carefully enunciated words of Hetty Delton. A hundred thousand dollars for an old shack in the mountains, where God didn't know anybody! Shades of the prophets! Oi, yoi!

"A hundred thousand dollars!" repeated Rabinowitz weakly. "You mean it? Why? What is it about it what that—oi! For why? Speak to me yet, Miss Delton!"

"It's none of your affair what I want it for," returned Hetty with frigid dignity. "I have the money and I want to buy. What else matters to you?"

How Rabinowitz would have disposed of this question is one of the unsolved enigmas of history. He was never given the opportunity of making an answer.

Sounds came from the outer office—sounds and noises, in which Mamie's shrill tremulo predominated.

"I'm a tellin' you you can't go in there, see?" Mamie was yelling. "There ain't nobody goin' in there until he gits through with the side show that's in there now!"

Something undeniably like a scuffle followed, and a chair was overturned; Mamie said "D——n it," and gasped, and then the door was flung open by a victorious veiled woman, panting and triumphant, who stood haughtily before them.

"That is an outrageous creature," she said, "that you have at your outer desk. She should be boiled in oil! But perhaps she was only trying to do her duty. You must both forgive me, but again I am in a great hurry, and I still want to buy that property in Frederick County, Maryland. I would like to pay cash for it, now, Mr. Rabinhit—and settle the legal details later. You can just give me a receipt for the money, stating what it is for. I am willing to pay anything up to five thousand dollars!"

"Aha!" yelled Rabinowitz. "Lady, the name is Rabinowitz. Five thousand dollars for that place. Oi! Here's a lady has offered me already——"

"Telegram for Mr. Ratstitch!"

Mamie had gone to the lady's retiring room to wipe away her tears. The outer portals had been left unguarded. A red-headed, blue-uniformed youngster stood in the doorway, holding out a yellow envelope.

Rabinowitz, fluttering and disturbed, was glad of the respite, and signed for the message happily. Then he read it. It proved to be another shock. The telegram was from Frederic, Md., and read:

Rabinowitz:

Under no circumstances sell my property. It is not for sale.

ROBERT CULBERSON.

Hetty had carelessly put her "bloodhound" on a chair. And Rabinowitz sat down on both chair and bloodhound, gasping for air. Animated tableau! If you know what we mean.

(*Continued next week*)

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The Virginian

(*Continued from page* 23)

owners' brands might be obliterated and another substituted.

"I wonder," he murmured slowly, "whether Trampas wouldn't make a first class rustler. Blamed if I trust the cuss!"

Suddenly, above a spur of hills, a faint pencil of smoke appeared, wending upward, spiral-wise, into the clear blue of the sky above.

"Huh! A fire!" the Virginian exclaimed.

Frankly curious now, as to what the fire in its present location could mean, the Virginian rode nearer, slowing his horse, as it approached the source of the smoke, to a trot and finally to a walk. A faint odor assailed his nostrils, that he thought at first might be cooking, but a closer approach apprized him that the odor was that of burning flesh and hair—the branding of cattle!

He stopped his horse abruptly with a chill of anticipation rippling upward along his backbone. He felt convinced now that he was near a camp of rustlers, men probably who had stolen Judge Henry's cattle, and the need for caution was paramount. Rustlers had a way, he knew, of not caring to be surprised at their work, and the thought that a volley of pistol shots might greet his unexpected appearance before them caused him now to hesitate before going forward. It was for this, then, he concluded, that Trampas was heading. Well, he had learned a thing or two.

He sat motionless, turning over in his mind the best course of action, hesitating to go forward, yet curious as to the identity of the rustlers and of the stock that was now being branded.

Ahead of him lay an abutment of rock and around this he would have to pass, he knew, before he could determine who was on the other side where the fire burned.

At last, his curiosity uppermost, he urged his horse slowly forward around the stone barricade. As he slowly turned its corner, he came face to face with a man on horseback with a pistol on the pommel of his saddle. An instant later it was leveled directly at him. On the ground by a fire lay a steer with his feet tied together and a brand upon his flank, only but partly obscuring the mark of Judge Henry's ranch. So his surmise in this respect had been right after all!

The Virginian turned back to the man before him.

"I'm sorry, Steve," he said quietly.

(*Continued next week*)

Lila Lee Watches At Husband's Bedside

(*Continued from page* 21)

wound on his forehead, and the concussion extends to the back of the brain, but he won't have to have any operation.

"It is going to be very hard to keep Jim in bed. We don't dare tell him how bad off he is. He doesn't know what happened—doesn't remember the accident at all—keeps asking what happened to him.

"You see, Jim and I had gone on horseback up to see our new house, which we are building in Beverly Hills. Jim had gathered some carrots for Prince—and Prince isn't a mean horse at all, just high strung and nervous—had fed him and hopped on his back, when something must have frightened the horse, for he leaped and threw my husband. The Beverly Hills riding academy was near, and they came out to help me—oh, don't let's talk of those first awful moments!"

And a look of terror passed over her face as though she saw some fearful vision.

"The most awful time was the hour—the whole hour—in which we waited for the doctor to come! Nobody can know the suspense of that hour who hasn't gone through something like it. Fortunately, the valet and chauffeur were at the hotel, so they helped us in getting Jim home and to bed."

"Is Jim going to give up Prince—sell him?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I want him to, of course, but I'm sure he won't want to. It will be so like Jim just to say that the thing will never happen again—that probably the accident was his own fault in some way.

"And now—well, I simply cannot go up to that house alone. I shall never go again to our new home until Jim can go with me. I'd feel it somehow an ill omen if I were to go there by myself. You see, we planned the house together. If anything had really happened to Jim—I should never have gone to see that house again.

"Oh, we have so many letters from close friends and from fan friends. We have had so many prayers! It has been so sweet to be so remembered. Perhaps the things I prize the most and that perhaps Jim will, too, are the little scapular and the tiny silver engraved cross which some of the Sisters of Mercy in charge of the Catholic orphan asylum sent Jim the other day. You see, Jim is a Catholic, though I am not. Always on Christmas and holidays, he, Tommy Meighan, 'Tony Moreno and others would go over to the home and give the children a Christmas tree or a drive in their automobile or some other treat."

LILA'S eyes looked somehow exactly like Mary Pickford's, when she said that. There used to be something of the hardness of cocksure youth in her eyes—before her marriage and this accident to her husband. Now they are like Mary's, soft and gentle, and of much the same illusive color.

"I think," she went on, "that Jim will have to rest up for at least a month. Maybe after that we shall take a trip to Honolulu. You see, my contract with Lasky is finished, all except a few scenes in my present picture, and I'm not in any particular hurry to resume film work, though, of course, I'm not giving up my career. Jim and I both want to go back on the stage, if not now, later on."

Just then a faint voice called from the other room.

Lila's face lighted with tenderness.

"Yes, Jim!" she answered.

And somehow I agree with Lila. I cannot but think it is due to this young creature's love, to her abounding vitality, to the power and persuasiveness of her will, and—yes, to her prayers—that Jim Kirkwood still lives!

Yes, We Have No Pajamas

(*Continued from page* 18)

a most annoying habit of slipping up under the wearer's arms. The fancy kind of pajamas, as adapted for women, are just not comfortable—at least, according to the anti-pajama brigade.

And so, for those who like 'em, the nighties have come back, little wispy gossamer affairs. They are very simple as to line, with little more than shoulder straps by way of sleeves. Slight shirring at the high waist line constitutes the only fullness.

Esther Ralston, of Universal, recently chose an especially charming model of black georgette which exemplifies the newest mode. The soft folds hang in Grecian lines, the utmost in simplicity. The low neck and armholes of the gown are finished with a picot edge. By way of color relief, a ribbon of delicate blue around the empire waistline, finished in tiny silk flowers, form the only trimming.

And Dorothy Mackaill, in "His Children's Children," wears a delectable little affair of satin with a yoke of handmade lace. Little streamers of baby ribbon float enticingly away from each shoulder.

Oh, yes, there is much to be said for the old-fashioned nightie, modernized. But the movies themselves will say it, and they, as every picture fan knows, are the very best spokesman there is!

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12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
12 Fruit Dishes, 5¼ inches
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6¼ in.
1 Platter, 13½ inches
1 Platter, 11⅞ inches

1 Celery Dish, 8¾ inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7⅜ in.
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10½ inches, with lid (2 pieces)
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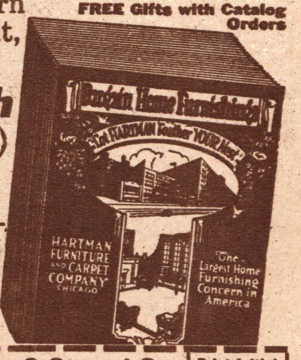

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